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Mr. Butler Bets and Hedges

THAT enviable fellow—rare in 1953—who enjoys an unearned income of £20,000 a year and does not complicate his affairs either by earning a salary or shouldering the responsibility of marriage and parenthood, will do best out of Mr. Butler's income tax concessions. He will get a present of nearly £10 a week. The married man with two children living on an earned income of £10 a week will get one penny. So much for Mr. Butler's claim that his income tax concession is an investment in the human incentive in industry.

Look, then, at his other claim—that there is something for all in the Budget. Some families will undoubtedly gain a good deal. Picture, for instance, a man of over 65, with a housekeeper and a dependent relative; he is the proprietor of a small business, manufacturing costume jewellery and umbrellas, and this year he expects to install some new plant; he lives without mains electricity, but is fond of listening to the radio; he is a keen supporter of county cricket, a pianist and a member of the local Operatic Society; he normally attends rehearsals in a mechanically propelled tricycle, but is thinking of buying, in addition, a London taxi-cab. He will do splendidly out of Mr. Butler. Most citizens are less favoured: they get very little.

There is an illusion, fostered by Tory propaganda, that Purchase Tax is one of the main factors in the high cost of living. The reductions in this year's Budget themselves expose this fallacy. The ordinary housewife will find no change at all in the price of clothing, and domestic textiles; practically no change in furniture, and minute reductions only in everything else below the luxury class.

There are of course people waiting to buy radio sets, motor cars and refrigerators, who have deliberately held off until after the Budget. They are rewarded. And their incentive to make their purchase now will prove to be, perhaps, the main fillip to industry. For Mr. Butler has done far less to foster the right forms of enterprise than he seems to claim. Purchase Tax concessions are unlikely to do more than release, once and for all, the demand which had been consciously held back until the Budget; while the rest of his concessions in this field are strangely illogical. Mr. Butler declares that his main objectives are an overseas balance and more investment to make this country economically competitive. Yet his stimulus to personal spending may do much to damage exports and to offset the possible value, in a different context, of the restoration of initial allowances for plant and buildings and the end of E.P.L.

The most serious criticism of all is directed, not at the Budget in isolation, but against the whole policy of de-control of which it is a part. For Mr. Butler, by budgeting for an overall deficit, has abandoned public saving. But the invitation to marginal spending, which is implicit in the way he has distributed his surplus, is a queer way of stimulating a significant increase in private savings. He has already dismantled many of the physical controls with which the Labour Government buttressed a welfare economy. If in the coming year the Western world is called on to face an American recession, the Treasury has virtually no protection left to set against it; once again the banks will have to be called in to administer their classic draught of deflation.

Mr. Butler, in fact, in staking his repute on a popular Budget, has gambled on two outside chances—that a sense of well-being among the wealthier classes will stimulate sufficient private savings to rehabilitate our industrial efficiency, and that the American economy can, for the present, withstand a Peace recession. Neither of these bets looks very safe, though each may "flatter" for a few months. That perhaps is long enough. This Budget, like everything Mr. Butler touches, is politically clever. As a piece of Party politics, it is not expected to win the Labour vote; it is designed to rally all potential Tory supporters against the possibility of a Coronation election. But Mr. Butler has hedged his bets. He has used his Budget to buy time for his Party. If things go well, and if, when the time comes, Mr. Churchill decides not to hurry to the

hustings, this Budget leaves it open to him to carry on secure in the knowledge that, this year as last, there will be a further retreat from fair shares and a controlled economy, a further extension of private enterprise and welfare for the wealthy.

Mr. Butler's Optimism

When the Budget accounts are examined in detail, the impression is confirmed that the Chancellor, drawing heavily on an optimistic calculation that the encouragement of enterprise will lead to an increase in the "gross national product," and that both capitalists and consumers will act patriotically, has taken big risks in framing his Budget. He expected that direct taxation on the existing basis would yield £109m. more. True, almost the whole of this increment to Revenue would accrue from the yield of E.P.L. in a full year; but, even so, it may prove sanguine to have assumed that last year's short-fall of £168m. in direct taxation's yield below the 1952-53 estimate will not, to some extent, recur. In that event, even if he has not to cope with Supplementaries (and these called for £200m. last year) the Chancellor may have a considerably more disreputable overall deficit than the £440m. gap whose inflationary influence he trusts to private saving to offset.

Moreover, the Chancellor's optimism extends beyond the current year. In 1953-54, he is giving away £169m. out of an estimated £278m. "above the line" surplus—leaving £109m. to set against "below the line" expenditure of £549m.—but, next year, his concessions will cost £259m., and ultimately £400m. when all the easements granted to business enterprise become fully effective. And his "below the line" expenditure is kept to £549m. only by allotting £12m. less than last year to local authorities, who are to be "encouraged" to have recourse to the open market for capital borrowings.

So far as the Budget proper is concerned, the Chancellor's optimism may be justified if this new "dash to freedom" results in a large and lasting increase both of output and—still more important—capital investment. But what of the balance of foreign payments in that event? Not merely has he omitted to stimulate investment by greater tax discrimination in favour of undistributed profits; the proposed reductions in Purchase Tax are calculated to stimulate imports, to weaken the export drive and, in so far as the well-to-do are concerned, to militate against investment. The claim that these concessions, at a cost of £45m., will substantially effect the cost of living for the man in the street is absurd—though he and his wife may be pleased if there prove to be no further reductions at present in food subsidies (except in the relatively unimportant case of sugar next autumn).

Suppose that the effect of the Budget is to bring about a lasting increase in the buying of cars and durable consumer goods, what becomes of the private savings and capital investment on which Mr. Butler is relying? And, leaving out of account the chances of an American recession (to which he has closed his eyes), can he feel genuine confidence that his balance of foreign payments, now weighted with the additional burden of $80m. required for the "popular" acquisition of Cuban sugar, as well as the extra dollars required for the "white" loaf, will stand the strain in a year in which some re-stocking was, in any case, inevitable? The estimated increase of £20m. from Customs' revenue—presumably from oil and tobacco in the main—shows that Mr. Butler expected re-stocking and his "liberalisation" of trade to be reflected in this year's accounts. But if his entrepreneurs respond to his encouragement, he may have to foot a much larger import bill than he will like.

South African Election

The General Election in South Africa has been rather more an affair of nice calculations than of strong words and brickbats. In 1948, the Nationalists secured 55 per cent. of the seats in Parliament with only 39 per cent. of the vote. Since then, re-distribution and the addition of a strongly Nationalist vote in South-West Africa, has tipped the balance still further in Dr. Malan's direction. Not having anything new to say—and being afraid to say it even if they had—the United Party leaders have, therefore, limited themselves to concentrated electoral attacks on urban seats which they believed they might be able to win back. This has enabled the Nationalists to make the running; being men of strong words and few noticeable scruples, they have run hard. Of the Non-Europeans in South Africa, little has been heard and said except for Nationalist accusations that the United Party would "hand South Africa over to the Native," and United Party rebuttals of any such dreadful intention. The last words of Mr. Strauss, the United Party leader, were indeed designed to meet this very accusation. Two days before the poll he said in a big public speech that "the Natives of South Africa must accept the fact that in the mass they were immature and unfitted to take any share of control in the country's political and economic development." The results of Wednesday's voting are not, for all that, purely of academic interest to Non-Europeans in South Africa. A United Party victory would not have greatly eased the burden they are obliged to carry in many different forms of racial discrimination: yet it would have prevented it from growing heavier.

Southern Rhodesian Referendum

Southern Rhodesian White settlers voted for federation with Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland in a heavier majority than was generally expected, although the favourable verdict was in itself no surprise. In a poll of 82 per cent. of the electorate (which includes just over 400 Africans), 25,570 voted for federation and 14,729 against. The way is now clear for White settlers in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland to carry federation through their Legislative Assemblies; and the Imperial Government may thus expect to bring an Enabling Bill before the House of Commons before the summer recess. There will then have come into existence a federation of territories containing fewer than 200,000 Whites and more than six million Africans. Up to this last moment all representative Africans have stuck to their opposition to the proposals; and an Administration in the two Northern Territories which has been accustomed to regard itself as the "protector" of African interests will now find itself in the unenviable position of imposing changes which these Africans vehemently and reasonably reject. For the trouble that is likely to ensue, this Administration cannot possibly blame the Africans. African opinion has been "consulted"—only to be totally ignored.

Although federation is certain to strengthen settlers' control in the two Northern Territories—virtually it means, in fact, settlers' self-government through British Central Africa—it may nevertheless yield opportunities for the Africans to strengthen their own organisations. If these federation proposals are on balance to the great disadvantage of the Africans, they will still carry with them, for example, a chance for the African trade unions to federate across territorial boundaries. The strong African unions in Northern Rhodesia should be able to help their weaker comrades in Southern Rhodesia: already the African railway workers have followed the White lead in unifying their two railway unions. Federation is a blow to the hopes of multi-racial democracy in Central Africa. That does not mean that the fight for multi-racial democracy need stop. By substituting settlers' government for the quasi-paternal reign of the Colonial Office in the two Northern Territories, federation may indeed hasten the day (though with dire risk to peace and tolerance) when multi-racial democracy will at last be possible.

The New Wheat Agreement

Seventeen countries, out of 46 which were parties to the expiring Wheat Agreement, signed the new one on the opening day, and more were expected to sign on receipt of instructions from home. Great Britain, objecting to a maximum price in excess of $2, has refused to sign, in spite of very strong pressure from Canada, which has signed along with the United States. The Americans have been insistent on a price-range high enough to enable them to make a considerable reduction in the subsidy payable to the wheat-growers, whereas the British have been standing out against a price which will involve a serious addition to the dollar cost of imports. The Agreement remains open for further signatures during the coming week; and there seems little or no prospect of the Americans or the Canadians agreeing to a lower price. If Britain continues to hold firm the Agreement will lapse, or the countries which do sign will decide to go ahead without British participation. The root of the difficulty is that a number of countries, including the United States and France, are pledged to high guaranteed prices to their home producers, whereas Great Britain, which is by far the biggest importer, has a strong interest in keeping down the maximum price, especially for dollar wheat, but has also to consider the claims of Canada and Australia. The Canadians in particular stress the point that the United States, which began by claiming a maximum price of $2.50, has already made large concessions; and they seem to have no intention of giving way.

Another Dock Strike

The docker's strike which broke out at Tilbury this week is the outcome of somebody's blunder. If it was necessary to transfer men from some other district to unload the Norwegian ship in connection with which the dispute arose, it would surely have been plain common

sense to ensure that the men transferred should be members of the same trade union as the Tilbury dockers. At Tilbury, all the dockers and stevedores belong to the Transport and General Workers' Union, whereas the men transferred from Millwall are enrolled in the rival Amalgamated Stevedores' and Dockers' Union. The local dockers would not have been pleased in any event to find themselves out of a job while men brought in from another area were doing their work, and it has not been explained why it was thought necessary to bring in the outside labour. If, however, both groups had belonged to the same union it should have been easier to get the matter handled by negotiation.

The difficulty now is that under the existing London dock agreement a gang which has once started in a vessel cannot be changed till the work is finished; and the affair thus becomes a very unmanageable dispute between the two unions, which are habitually on bad terms. The strike is, as usual, unofficial, the T. and G.W.U. having vainly advised its members to remain at work. Feeling is high, because the swollen register of dockers has meant that far too many men have been reduced for some time past to living on the "fall-back" attendance wage, which is too small for decent living. It is high time for something drastic to be done to overhaul London's port labour arrangements; but the plain truth is that nobody appears to know what remedy would be compatible both with efficiency and with the demand of the dockers for guaranteed and stable employment.

The Press and the Bar

Just when it looked as though the incident of Sir Hartley Shawcross and the *Sunday Express* had been closed, Sir Hartley himself chose to reopen it by delivering an address to the Bar Council on the subject of personal publicity by barristers in private practice. Sir Hartley told his colleagues how he and the Attorney-General had successfully suppressed the four articles written by Mr. Woodrow Wyatt as soon as they had been advertised under the headline *Man or Superman?* and emphasised that he had neither authorised them nor seen the proofs. But what about the lavishly illustrated and embarrassingly eulogistic story of his political and legal career which Mr. Hugh Cudlipp is running in the *Sunday Pictorial*? On this subject Sir Hartley was strong and silent. But Mr. Christie, the vice-chairman, assured the Council that Sir Hartley "is quite powerless to take any step whatsoever to prevent their publication. It is simply a question of grinning and bearing it." The curious may well ask why Sir Hartley should have to grin and bear the *Sunday Pictorial*, and not the *Sunday Express*. The moral seems to be that the *Sunday Pictorial* has successfully exploded the notion, widely entertained after the *Sunday Express* incident, that the Bar Council had some undefined authority over the Press in the matter of publicity for barristers. In fact the *Sunday Express* only finally agreed to forgo its scoop as the result of Mr. Churchill's personal persuasion, while the *Sunday Pictorial*, which published its articles without giving Sir Hartley even a hint that they were to appear, is able happily to boast that it has vindicated the freedom of the Press.

VIET NAM

Rackets in Saigon

A Correspondent writes: In their most ambitious campaign since the Indo-China war began six years ago, Ho Chi Minh's armies have launched an attack against the mountainous areas of Laos which, judging by the reactions in Paris and Washington, may involve dangerous international complications. By starting this offensive at an unusual time, when the rice planting season is about to begin, the Viet Minh may hope to forestall Franco-American plans.

The Eisenhower-Dulles policy of treating the wars in Korea and Indo-China as "two parts of a single struggle" was first outlined in Paris last December, when N.A.T.O. expressed solidarity with France against Viet Minh. "Give them the tools" was the idea, "and the troops in Indo-China will finish the job." The French now get ammunition from Britain, Mustangs and Mosquitos from Australia (Mr. Casey wants them to be an out-and-out gift), a Military Mission is planned to buy supplies in Tokyo, General Mark Clark has instructed Marshal Juin in American tactics developed in the Korean war, and the American taxpayer foots a large part of the bill. In 1953 the U.S. is expected to pay nearly half the cost of the war in Indo-China; about £260 million as against France's own £290 million.

By the end of the year, Eisenhower's original idea that Asians should fight Asians should show results; the High Committee of Viet Nam, a French puppet political-military body, plans to build up 55 battalions of Vietnamese combat troops—nearly 40,000 in all—who will release some of the 215,000 of France's best troops now in Viet Nam. But when N.A.T.O. meets next week in Paris, M. Mayer will have to report that victory never seemed farther off. This disastrous war goes on, ruining the French economy, losing French lives, enriching racketeers. The worst racket seems to be in piastres, which George Herald describes in a very lively article, "Indo-China Uncensored," in the current issue of *United Nations World*. By buying piastres in Saigon for 8 francs and then selling them at the official rate of 17 francs in Paris, immense fortunes have been made, and "few public figures in Indo-China could resist the temptation to participate in this double-or-nothing game where no one ever lost." An official report of the Indo-China Exchange Control describes Emperor Bao Dai and his wife as among the first to benefit; as early as 1949 they transferred 176 million francs to Europe, bought a villa in Cannes and an estate in the Belgian Congo. The then Prime Minister and other officials followed, all of them obtaining a special French licence created for local V.I.P.s. This piastre traffic reached such proportions last year that two secret investigators made a report —Mr. Herald saw it—and circulated it to French political leaders. No newspaper would publish it. A few Deputies, led by Mr. Badie, raised it in the National Assembly. "The piastre traffic," he said, "costs France 100 billion francs per year."

> . . . An important financial group in Saigon is about to close a deal for 5 billion francs and has already obtained permission to transfer 800 million francs to Paris. The traffic enriches not only notorious black marketeers but also the Viet Minh. Part of the enemy armament and equipment was bought with dollars obtained thanks to that traffic. In Hanoi they recently showed a brand new jeep taken from the enemy that he could only have bought with dollars on the international market. Twelve hundred 120 m.m. mortars which France sold to two South Asian countries two years ago were resold to the Viet Minh via China. Thus our soldiers who fight out there under the tricolour are being stabbed in the back by the nation's assassins.

"If the traffic with the enemy eats up 250 millions of France's badly needed dollars per year, points out Mr. Herald, "the largest part of the United States contribution to the Indo-Chinese war is annulled." Another racket is in a variety of goods which are cleared at the customs by French officials, then passed on through Chinese hands—sometimes five or six of them, all with the appropriate rake-off—until they are smuggled into the Viet Minh area where Communists take them on to the Yunnan border and barter them for arms and ammunition. Sometimes they serve military purposes, too; flashlight batteries recently shipped from France are now used as detonators for bombs in Mao Tse-tung's air force. It is the Chiang Kai-shek story all over again.

WASHINGTON

The Press Conference Mystery

A Correspondent writes: The new Administration has been oddly inept in its public relations. President Eisenhower took office in a blaze of favourable publicity; no incoming President can have enjoyed more initial good will from the Press, public and Congress. Yet a series of gauche manœuvres—of which the bungling of Charles Wilson's nomination was only the most clumsy—have irritated newspapermen and politicians who have been genuinely anxious to do their best for the Republican Administration.

The extraordinary affair of last week's Press conference, held by a "high Administration source," is the latest of these errors and gaucheries, and it has left many people speculating about possible conflicts of view between Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eisenhower. The subject of the conference was Far East policy, and a number of responsible reporters—whose stories appeared the next day all over the country—agreed that they had been told that the U.S. was considering a Korean settlement which would leave the country divided, so long as the Communists would agree to an extension of the South Korean frontier to the "waist" of the peninsula, which is thought to be the most easily defensible line. The correspondents also reported that the Eisenhower Administration was thinking of the future of Formosa in terms of a U.N. trusteeship.

Since the conference was held to give the correspondents "background briefing," they could not name the "high Administration source." But other newspapers, not bound by etiquette, have stated that this "source" was none other than Secretary Dulles. Within twenty-four hours Mr. Hagerty, the President's Press secretary, issued a categorical denial of these stories, saying that they were "without foundation of fact." At the same time, pro-Chiang politicians showed anger at this "betrayal," while foreign comments, cabled back to Washington, revealed alarm at the prospect of such unilateral U.S. action.

It is difficult to decide what really happened. There can be little doubt that Mr. Dulles did make such a statement, in terms too clear to permit misunderstanding by the experienced correspondents who heard him. Why, then, was he repudiated by the White House? Had he unwittingly divulged a line of policy that has not yet been formally approved? Had he merely "tried the policy out for size," and had it withdrawn when it was immediately clear that it would not fit present American sentiment? Or was he, in fact, lobbying for some policy of his own that the President had been unwilling to accept? Whatever the explanation, the incident has done harm to the Administration at a moment of some delicacy in international relations, not least because of the uncertainties that it is bound to raise in the minds of America's associates.

Caribbean Conference

THE conference of representatives of the Caribbean colonies which began in London this week is an effort to revive a languishing project. "Federation is inevitable; it will come within eighteen months." Thus Grantley Adams, speaking in Barbados two years ago to a correspondent of this journal. "Not on your life," said a British Guianese business man to him a few weeks later. "Do you think we are going to let those 'Bajians' and all the other little stinking tourist islands live off our fat?" That was in 1951; since then, the hostility of the two mainland colonies, British Guiana and British Honduras, to the idea of a Caribbean federation has crystallised, and even in Barbados there are doubts and hesitations. Yet it remains as true as ever that some form of closer association is essential if these colonies, with their unstable economies and rising populations, are to cease to be a burden on the British taxpayer, and if the condition of their inhabitants is to be lastingly improved.

The federal project was blessed by "the god of fair beginnings." Out of the depression, unemployment and misery of the Thirties there had grown an articulate regional viewpoint among West Indians under leaders such as Grantley Adams of Barbados and Norman Manley of Jamaica. Demands for economic reforms and a greater share in government led to the conception of a federation which would be more effective than a congeries of tiny units in getting satisfaction for just claims, and might ultimately achieve Dominion status. Whitehall seemed to encourage the idea; and, in 1947, the Montego Bay Conference in Jamaica, called by Creech Jones, then Secretary for the Colonies, accepted the principle of federation and set up committees to work out a constitutional structure and lay plans for a customs union, a single currency, and eventual unification of public services.

Since then, the story has been one of gradual retreat. Not merely Guiana and Honduras but also the Bahamas and the Virgin Islands have decided to stay out; though inter-island trade is small, some colonies have had second thoughts about the effects of a customs union; and, above all, the constitution which was evolved by the committee under the chairmanship of Sir Hubert Rance (now Governor of Trinidad) came under heavy fire in the West Indies. In both Jamaica and Barbados the criticism was levelled at the Rance Report that the federal government, with a nominated Senate and (purely advisory) Council of State, would be little more than "a Crown colony writ large." All the powers now exercised by Whitehall, it was argued, would survive in the hands of a paternalistic Governor-General. It is not only that British Guiana, now about to be granted a considerable measure of local autonomy, is naturally reluctant to cede any of its promised powers to a federal government on these lines; Jamaica is equally inclined to question whether it might not achieve on its own a more rapid approach to self-government. The whole impetus behind the federal idea is being lost; and Norman Manley, the leader of the Jamaican People's Nationalist Party, has not even troubled to come to London.

Yet it would be a sorry end to the story if the whole idea of a West Indian federation were abandoned. Relying, as they do, on one primary crop to create employment, the "sugar" islands can hardly form an economically viable unity without the two mainland colonies; and only on the basis of a federal scheme would it be possible to plan greater diversity of agriculture and inter-colony migration of labour in accordance with the needs of development. But if the London Conference is to revive the enthusiasm of Montego Bay, it seems clear that the initiative will have to come from the Secretary of State. On the economic side, Whitehall will have to realise that, unless and until British Honduras and British Guiana can be induced to come in, a Caribbean federation will necessarily be a "club of the impoverished," and that Colonial Development funds will have to back it on a generous scale. Equally important, even if the federal government may have to be at first an authority with limited powers—the units retaining, for the time being, a good deal of "reserved" legislation in their own hands—the suspicion will have to be dispelled that the federation is to be merely a "super Crown colony." The very least needed is a reiteration of the declaration by Mr. Oliver Stanley, in 1945, that the aim is to be "internal self-government within the Commonwealth."

There is certainly an overwhelming case here for a liberal, generous approach to the problem by the British Government. For, though one difficulty in any federal plan—the immense distance which separates Jamaica from Trinidad—is inherent in geography, other factors which obstruct the road to progress in the Caribbean are largely a legacy of British occupation. During the 17th-century free-for-all, when the European maritime Powers carved up the decaying Spanish empire, British merchant adventurers had their own way with the islands. The indigenous Caribs were wiped out, and everything was staked on the (then richly remunerative) sugar-cane, whose exploitation was made possible by the importation of West African slaves. Fewer than half of them survived the voyage. Those who did found on arrival that they were cut off from their tribal life, codes and language. The vast majority of the present-day inhabitants of the West Indies are the descendants of those slaves.

If it is still hard to overcome the sentiments of parochial insularity in "old settlers' islands," if there are elements of political corruption in the negro leadership which the Caribbean has thrown up, if it is irritating to a Parliament at Westminster that it should still be required to vote millions to help these colonies stand on their own feet, we should do well to remember that the West Indians have one undeniable claim on us: we put them where they are—with their vulnerable sugar crop, their tourists, and the American bases built to protect the strategic approaches to the Panama Canal. If we ever want to rid ourselves of responsibility for this economic anachronism, or complain bitterly that we should be called on indefinitely to subsidise over-populated "market-garden islands" which do not pay, our bitterness should be directed towards the old Plantocracy, now safe in their tombs, who have left their elegant mansions crumbling on the Jamaican hillside and, to us, a heritage of problems which they would not even have understood.

Springtime for Adenauer

WHEN I was last in Bonn just a year ago, the cherries and magnolias were in blossom along the Rhine, and the only topic of conversation was Russian peace overtures. Last week-end the trees were just as pretty against the sunshine, and the topic of conversation was still Russian peace overtures. Not, of course, the Stalin plan for an independent united Germany with its own small defence force—this was successfully smothered by the Western Powers in a dreary exchange of Notes—but Malenkov's new "get soft" line, which induced General Chuikov last week to suggest that the technical military talks about the air corridors to Berlin should be expanded to consider political questions. So far Malenkov has not produced any proposals for German unity. But the British and Americans in Bonn, as well as the Germans, expect that he will; and they are already co-ordinating their plans for dealing with it as effectively as they dealt with Stalin's.

Indeed, the only notable difference which twelve months have brought to Bonn is the increasing self-confidence of Dr. Adenauer's Government in its fight against a deal with Russia. Last year the Chancellor was still anxiously negotiating the terms of the Contractual Agreement and the E.D.C. treaties, in the knowledge that a substantial majority of his countrymen were opposed to them and ready to purchase German unity at the cost of neutralisation. "It is now or never," he said to me. "If integration is postponed beyond this summer, no one can guarantee that Western Germany will not succumb to Communist subversion or that America may not lose interest and pull out. Without American support there will be starvation and ruin in our poor country within weeks." Strong words from an elder statesman who prides himself on his perfect sobriety!

Actually Dr. Adenauer's predictions have not been fulfilled. Integration has been postponed and, even if the German Supreme Court does not throw the treaties out, the French Assembly is still not certain to ratify them. Yet this delay has had none of the consequences he predicted last spring. On the contrary, while I was talking to some of his lieutenants by the Rhine, he himself in Washington was being received with a warmth which Mr. Butler and Mr. Eden must envy; and his party managers are now fairly confident of defeating the Socialists in the elections which are to take place at latest by next September.

Dr. Adenauer's unexpected strength is due to what observers in Bonn call "the Restoration." An astonishing economic recovery has been accompanied by a revival of reactionary and nationalistic forces which cannot be appreciated without a visit to the Federal Republic. When Dr. Adenauer first became Chancellor four years ago, he took over a defeated country, its people listless, hopeless and underfed, its industry still stagnant, despite the currency reform. Today the Federal Republic is the outstanding example

of capitalist reconstruction, carried out by a combination of grinding hard work, classical free enterprise (stimulated by dollars from the West and cheap refugee labour from the East) and a ruthless disregard for welfare, which still leaves a large segment of the population below destitution level. The foundations may be shaky, but the industrial skyscraper which has been run up is a breath-taking affair and, in the course of its erection, the men who controlled the pre-war German economy have regained all they lost.

In the process they are proving that they learnt absolutely nothing from their mistakes. At present they are so busy making money (and spending it on ostentatious living) that most of them have no time for politics. But even if they found the time, there would be little to do. The new German democracy gives them freedom from all inhibitions and even arranges its tax system exclusively to their convenience. Nowhere else in the whole world can a capitalist behave as capitalistically as here. He need not even worry about the burden of rearmament, since the U.S.A. is supplying the equipment for Germany's twelve divisions. So the promised revival of the German Army is being celebrated by tax reductions for the German industrialists!

In this capitalistic paradise, politics centre on foreign affairs. As a Rhineland Catholic, Dr. Adenauer is ideally suited to negotiate with France those elaborate schemes of economic and military integration which within five years will enable fifty million Germans to dominate Western Europe. The Chancellor is sincerely anti-Nazi, sincerely in favour of European Federation, sincere even in his preference for a German contribution to E.D.C. as against a German Army as part of Nato. But behind him stand men who regard all these schemes as a cover for a renewed bid to dominate Europe. The neo-Nazis and nationalists are still in the penumbra of politics: they are content to let Dr. Adenauer and his dim, respectable lieutenants hold the limelight. Because the postures of democracy are still necessary to keep the Americans sweet and get the dollars, Adenauer is the man of the hour, just as Stresemann was the man of the hour in the 1920s. But when German power has been built up and the twelve divisions created, these postures of democracy will be unnecessary. Then the Adenauer regime will give place to something a great deal tougher.

The one thing which could spoil, or at least interrupt, this second stage of "the Restoration" would be an outbreak of peace. If there were free elections in a united Germany, the Socialists would probably get a clear majority. Moreover, if Germany became a military vacuum, America would lose interest and the dollars cease to flow. Without the cold war, the Government in Bonn and the industrialists in Düsseldorf would be in a very poor way. They know this, and they have drawn the necessary conclusion: the cold war shall not be allowed to thaw out.

The Socialists see all the dangers of the Restoration. "The feeble beginnings of German democracy are withering," one of them said to me, "as the Right-wing politicians appeal more and more openly to the ex-Nazis and the last key positions in the Civil Service are stormed by the Old Guard." But what can Ollenhauer do? He would like to have a strong domestic programme, but the trade unions, which since the war have been non-political and include Catholics, are not in fighting mood. He still opposes German rearmament under E.D.C., but he has been forced to shift his ground until he is now prepared to accept it under Nato. Of course, the German Socialists would prefer a Four-Power agreement which made all this unnecessary. Indeed, most of them, I think, would still be prepared to accept some form of neutralisation, as an interim stage, if this was the price the Russians demanded for free elections in the whole of Germany. But in the present atmosphere they dare not say so for fear of being denounced as appeasers. The one clear piece of advice I got from Socialist Headquarters was: "If the British Government really wants to test the sincerity of the Russian peace offensive, the one thing it should do is to shut its ears to Dr. Adenauer."

How wise this advice was I realised when I heard Dr. Brentano, who leads Dr. Adenauer's C.D.U. in the Bundestag, explain to the Anglo-German gathering at Königswinter his Government's attitude to the Russian peace overtures. Dr. Brentano is the kind of party politician who moves loyally with the times. His speeches, therefore, reflect with sensitive accuracy the growth of German nationalist egotism. On Sunday he was peremptory. The Western Powers must realise, he told us, that there can be no question of any sacrifice whatsoever by Germany for the sake of unity. Whatever the Russians propose, integration with the West *must* proceed; every form of neutralisation *must* be excluded; and the claim to the lost provinces East of the Oder Line *must* be fully maintained.

Since Dr. Brentano spoke from a carefully prepared brief, and in the knowledge of what Dr. Adenauer and Mr. Eisenhower had agreed in Washington, his words cannot be dismissed as idle vapouring. The Bonn Government's minimum demand is the unconditional withdrawal of Russia from Eastern Germany; and it further gives notice that, if the Russians were mad enough to agree, the next demand would be for those parts of Prussia and Silesia now incorporated in Poland. By putting forward such claims, Dr. Adenauer is telling the world that Four-Power talks would be pure waste of time.

What is significant is that he now feels strong enough to behave in this way—to forbid a *détente*, even if Britain and France desire one. So much for the argument that West Germany would be easier to manage if she were integrated into the West! What this argument overlooks is that the Germans have a vested interest in cold war; and, as their industrial and military strength grows, so will their national ambitions and their bargaining power. They have convinced themselves that, if only a peace settlement can be prevented, rearmament will soon produce a situation where the Russians can be forced to withdraw, not only from the East Zone but from Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, too. Once the Federal Republic is rearmed, they are confident that, with the help of Mr. Dulles, they will force the jittery French and British to accept a real Liberation policy.

Back in London reflecting on Dr. Brentano's words, I feel already that they have lost something of their force; and I can understand how those who have not been to Bonn recently console themselves with the thought that, after all, German politicians are often tactless and that, if the Bonn Government really tried to make serious trouble, we should be able to keep it in order. Today this may still be so. But what about 1956, when a stridently nationalist Germany will control the main land forces of the West and a huge arms industry? Will it be so easy *then* to prevent trouble? We are told that German divisions are essential to the defence of the West and that for this reason we cannot afford any agreement with the Russians which would postpone German rearmament. Let those who harbour this delusion make the pilgrimage to Bonn and survey the field where the dragon's teeth are being sown.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

German Diary

EACH year I visit the Western Zone the change is more surprising. This year they offer a well-illustrated booklet inviting you to a holiday in "romantic Germany." The hut that served the old military aerodrome is transformed into a fine reception hall, displaying (I don't know why) many cases of butterflies and beetles. The Rhine is once more the busiest highway in Europe. Gaily painted tugs pass in an endless stream, each slowly pulling half a dozen low-slung, graceful barges packed with the merchandise of Western Europe. Here once again is the land of wealth and unemployment. Americans look with envy on a regime where labour is cheap and, thanks to the Russians, refugee domestic service easy to hire. Your cook costs little more a month in Germany than she would demand for a week in England, or for a day in America. The gigantic heaps of rubble which were the pattern of the Ruhr a few years ago, are again making arms and fortunes for Hitler's financial backers. Essen, which after Bomber Harris had finished, looked like one of those wire meshes you use to clean saucepans, is again doing the bidding of a Krupp.

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On this occasion Crossman and Critic were among the British team invited to the Anglo-German Society's annual gathering at Königswinter. It is a remarkable organisation which owes its existence and its popularity to Lilo Milchsack, the wife of a Düsseldorf businessman, who shares with her husband an excellent anti-Nazi war record. The strength of the organisation is that it is representative not of industrialists, scientists, technicians and the rest who can always get together, but of politicians and journalists who have real interest in the personal relations of the German and British peoples. The German delegation (which included three distinguished generals) came from all parts of Germany. Almost for the first time in history, there was an occasion when a leading C.D.U. Minister discussed current issues with a leading Social-Democratic representative in much the same spirit as Conservative and Labour M.P.s do in England. The meetings are held in a comfortable trade union conference house almost on the banks of the Rhine. Behind it towers the Petersberg where Chamberlain wrote his messages to Hitler; and a few hundred yards down stream on the other side of the river lies Godesberg. The Hotel Dreesen, where the Führer waited for the British Premier to accept his terms, has just been re-opened, and next to it, symbolically, an American architect has run up the vast High Commission building (familiarly known as Hicog). It stands entirely on stilts so that, if the Rhine floods, the building will not suffer. I'm told (I fear on good authority) that the telephones are wired underground so that, when the floods did come, the American administration was for the time almost paralysed. Round about is the usual American compound, nearly self-supporting and maintaining, in German eyes, the concept of *Herrenvolk*. The British, whose Anglo-Indian attitude towards the Germans I observed with prophetic misgiving in 1946, are now reduced, like the Germans themselves, to the status of American dependents. The difference is that the British, being victors, are much less good than the Germans at soaking their rich uncle.

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The Anglo-Indian attitude in Germany could not last long; an end had to be made to this period of corruption—the only thoroughly corrupt period of British administration I know of since the 18th century—while the British could not maintain a pretence of superiority over a subject race about

which in private they always spoke with the greatest respect. History, as usual, repeats its theme with variations. Once again, as the Germans, with an industry and efficiency that compels admiration, began to re-create their ruined homes, the British forgot that they ever wanted to be "beastly to the Germans." The dominant British line at this conference was to stand firmly by German re-armament. (What has happened to Vansittart's butcher birds?) Delegates tended to regard as verging on the improper any suggestion that there might be circumstances in which America, with Dulles as Secretary of State and McCarthy seeking power with a total lack of scruple, might ever be aggressive or provocative. There were a few, including R. H. S. Crossman in one way and Robert Boothby in another way, who showed that they lacked confidence that a Germany, armed by the United States, would be a sure ally of Britain and a guarantee of peace. Most of the others refused to be at all alarmed when Dr. Brentano, speaking for Adenauer's party, suggested that we ought not to discuss what price the Western Germans should pay for a reunified Reich. His own terms amounted to unconditional surrender and he made it clear that Germany must be in a position to control the decision. Privately German Socialists and British residents in Germany came to whisper their gratitude to those who withstood this revival of the Godesberg spirit towards the new Germany. I found myself pondering the trend of reason which could lead these excellent men, many of them my friends, Labour and Conservative M.P.s and experienced journalists, to regard with complacency the prospect thus held out to us. And then I recalled that in so conservative a nation as Britain it is not only the Conservative party which lives, and indeed boasts of living, by instinct and tradition rather than by reason. Coming home in the plane I looked at some of the articles on Conservative doctrine and organisation in the newly published issue of the *Political Quarterly*. I am still brooding over the meaning of Professor Feiling's sonorous abstraction: "Even if the prerogative of intellect were stretched to take in all our sense experience, it could not satisfy the Conservative instinct, unless it were so rarified as to become self-contradictory."

* * *

On the last evening most of the party put on its best clothes to drink cocktails with the British High Commissioner in his medieval Schloss. I sought refreshment by climbing the wooded hills to the Petersberg, from which there is a limitless view of the thickly peopled Rhine valley and the many small peaks each with its ancient fort and modern restaurant. It was dusk when I came down, often at a run, catching the tree-trunks to steady myself as I skidded through the dead leaves and rough loose earth. My thoughts about the Continent and the steep path down to the Rhine where Chamberlain had descended in a more elegant manner, became oddly confused. It seemed that we were all there, going down the same precipice, not to the Rhine, but to a darker oblivion, Gadarene porkers, slipping to our doom. We were all very jolly and good-tempered about it. Just in front of me Walter Elliot, best of conversationalists, was exchanging Scots stories with the headmaster of Eton. Dennis Healey and Patrick Gordon-Walker were arguing, as they slithered, that if the Germans were armed under N.A.T.O. rather than in E.D.C., they would be kept in better order and be more likely to fight on the Western than on the Russian side. Woodrow Wyatt, speaking with all the authority of a former very temporary Under-Secretary to the Secretary of State for War, was explaining what Moscow were going to do next, and Christopher Mayhew was coaching a team of Labour and Conservative colleagues for a television discussion on British-German relations. Dick Stokes looked as if he was nursing a private joke, and Douglas Jay was thinking out a practical one. John Hynd was looking responsible about something; Mr. Alport was explaining that we should be all right if we kept close to both the Germans and Americans. Dodds Parker was proceeding with dignity, in the company of a German General, and Mr. Richard Fort was talking about German architecture in excellent German. Bob Boothby was laughing uproariously; he was trying as well as a man of his figure could, while travelling so fast and rough a road, to explain that there had been another perfectly good path some way back that would not have taken us into the abyss if we had taken it at the time. R. H. S. Crossman was incurring a good deal of animosity by shouting that we need not, even now, run so fast and so surely to our destruction. This was voted bad form; he was altogether too serious about it. We had chosen our path, the whole herd agreed; it was admittedly dangerous but we must stick together and hurry along as fast as possible. Unity was the great thing on a run like this. . . . At the bottom of the hill this absurd vision faded away. After all, what could one do? Probably we are still some years from the abyss and in *Gadara am Rhein* the wine is cheap and cooling. *Nunc est bibendum—et armandum.*

CRITIC

McCARTHY GETS THE AIR

"Senator McCarthy's agents . . . announced that all Western programmes would be brought into line . . . Britain may even be included."—*Manchester Guardian.*

When Communist hotbeds are raid-t
  And suspect Executives screened,
And radio stations invaded
  And "The Voice of America" cleaned,
When public security's tightened
  By sleuths from the home of the free,
Then Washington's envoys enlightened
  Will round up our own B.B.C.

After a session of purging
  Where "The Voice of America" speaks,
The bloodhounds will doubtless be urging
  Combined propaganda techniques;
A quite unofficial inspection
  The broadcasting field will explore
To strengthen McCarthy's direction
  Of sound psychological war.

The team is preparing to line up
  America's "Voice of the West,"
Provided all personnel sign up
  With an ideological test.
There may be a further suggestion
  That news-chiefs be hauled out of bed
To answer the crucial question
  "Was your great-grandmother a Red?"

The British may possibly mention
  While passion for freedom they share,
They have not the slightest intention
  Of yielding McCarthy the air,
Lest after the loyalty shake-up
  They say in the Communist lands
"The voice is the voice still of Jacob
  But the hands are the Senator's hands."

In spite of the bloodhounds' exertions,
  Where the voice of democracy's heard
The West is relaying two versions
  And the B.B.C.'s may be preferred
(Though British broadcasters are branded
  As saboteurs, suspects and spies)
If "Govarit, London" is candid
  While "The Voice of America" lies.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Q.—What charge could be preferred against a man who was found in possession of a small atomic bomb?

A.—Knowingly having in possession an explosive substance under such circumstances as to give rise to a reasonable suspicion that it is not for a lawful object.

Questions and Answers on Police Duties, Third Series, by C. C. H. Moriarty. (B. P. Griffiths.)

"It's a once-in-ten-years role. I would have been willing to play it for nothing. I play a drunken sex maniac on comedy lines."—David Niven, reported in the *Sunday Express*. (D. Mann.)

Roasting of the Coronation Day ox on the village green at Bearsted, Kent, will be done by gas.—*News Chronicle*. (S. M. Rollin.)

Miss Muriel Brown, of Somerset, told the conference: "When I tackled the vicar about the sanitation at a school he replied: 'I've yet to learn that a good old-fashioned smell is not healthy.'"—*Daily Mirror*. (Anita Finesilver.)

If you're fired with a desire to be patriotic through and through, so you can be . . . right down to your corsets. Berlei are showing—as the star item of their new summer collection—a strapless one-piece controlette in elastic net and nylon voile in a choice of red, white or royal blue.—The *Star*. (E. Wilson.)

I find to my delight that I can make my dog happy by wagging its tail for it.—Letter in *Reveille*. (R. C. Horwood.)

Cyril Joad

THE first thing I remember Joad saying was that his job, like that of Socrates, was to corrupt youth. That meant to show by precept and example that the Victorians were wrong and that Bernard Shaw and Bertrand Russell (his twin heroes in those days) were right. He spoke with the authority of pre-war Balliol to young men and women who went to the Universities after 1919. At that time the gap seemed immense. We were on holiday in the Lake District, climbing all day, and talking all night. His exuberance was contagious. He was the jolliest and most candid of hedonists. There was nothing bad about him which he did not relate in one or other of his books—in one study of ethics he even gave a strong hint of his preference for not paying railway fares—and he managed to mention most of his good characteristics, too. In the Twenties he was thrown out of the Fabian Summer School by a puritanical manager, but minded little since the choice was large and he himself became the centre of an organisation called the Federation of Progressive Societies and Individuals which included, I think, every kind of unconventionality from nudism to pacifism.

Up till 1930 he was a civil servant, but his main interest was in writing of books on philosophy. His most revealing weakness was his fear of being alone. In one newspaper article he explained that it was for this reason that he had to pack every day with organised activity from early morning until late at night. He began the day by playing the pianola and then worked savagely until lunch. He required exercise and, if possible, good conversation with young people—he was an admirable teacher—between lunch and dinner. After dinner, he usually wanted bridge or chess, and I recall an occasion when he was really angry with me for wanting to go to bed at eleven when he had hoped for a final hour of

chess. At least once a week he listened to serious music to which (in spite of the pianola) he was genuinely devoted. For many years he always played vigorous and good tennis on Saturdays and hockey (he was a "Blue" or was it "International"?) on Hampstead Heath with a mixed team of students and friends. This was incredibly strenuous because often there would only be about seven a side and Cyril went on playing centre-half until he was well over 50. He once imparted to me, as if he was confessing a secret vice, hat he loved hunting. If anything interfered with other exercise, he would go to the country and ride the toughest horse he could find. He had not the cut of a horseman and in later years he had one or two bad falls. He needed, in one way or another, continuous reassurance of his own virility.

Love affairs were, of course, among his activities. He made no secret of them. His friends often compared him to a faun. His stiff, bristly beard and bright, roving eyes gave an impression of immense physical vitality and insatiable appetite. The censorious should remember that he retained the deep affection of women friends all his life and was nursed with the utmost devotion by one of them during the last months of pain. He found great courage and patience in this illness. His mind remained clear and active, and he was surrounded by old friends.

One who knew Joad all his life remarked to me recently that he always disapproved of everything about Cyril when he was away from him but found himself liking him when they met. I think this was true of many people. His egotism was forgotten when talk began. He enjoyed life so much that you enjoyed him and being with him, whether playing chess, climbing mountains or fiercely arguing about the cosmos. He was devastatingly and disarmingly frank. He had the charm that belongs to a perfect digestion and a never-failing appetite for life.

He managed to write a great many books—nearly 50 I think. They included admirable guides to philosophy, at least one very bad novel, an autobiography, and many books on politics and current events. He passionately defended ramblers and attacked rural vandalism. He always retained a philosophic doubt about atheism and ended by believing in God and even finding comfort in a very reserved acceptance of Anglican doctrines. The first lecture I ever heard him give was advertised as "Joad on God." As we went in, one of the audience said she would have preferred to hear "God on Joad."

Joad was the prince of popularisers. This is one of the new, necessary and honourable professions of our period. Philosophers may be right in thinking that he originated little in philosophy. None of them would dispute that he simplified what other philosophers thought with unrivalled lucidity and wit. It was the Brains Trust that gave him his opportunity. As a fellow Brains Truster on some occasions, I have to confess that I was torn between admiration and exasperation. He answered each of the questions more quickly, more fully, and neatly than anyone else. If the question were "What did Spinoza teach?" the perfection of his summary made one gasp. If the question were controversial, and one differed, it was most difficult to find a logical weakness on which to seize. His arguments with Julian Huxley in those days were brilliant expositions of two opposite views of mind and matter. And because the Brains Trust became more trivial and split into many minor shadows of its original self, no one should be allowed to forget the great contribution Joad played in the education of this country. All philosophers begin with definitions of words, but millions of people who knew nothing of philosophy had learned from Joad that you might "mean" different things by the same word. It was Joad pre-eminently whose brilliant, uninhibited performances on the Brains Trust first introduced a vast public to good conversation. Many famous philosophers have achieved less in their generation.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Millions Without Words

"DON'T you read Standing Orders?" asked the major. "Yes, sir," the private replied. "Then why didn't you obey them?" "Because I didn't want to." The major glared. "You've been on three charges like this. Remanded for court martial."

This story has a happy ending. When the unruly private arrived at the military prison, it was discovered that he was illiterate; he couldn't read Standing Orders, but was ashamed to admit it. After serving his sentence he was sent for special instruction, and some weeks later wrote his mother the first letter she had ever received from him. "Dear Mum, I've been in the glasshouse, but it was lucky really . . ." Unfamiliar with this slang term, the good lady took pen in hand to write to the major. "I am glad my son has learned to read, and as my second boy will soon be called up I hope you will send him to the glasshouse, too."

Many countries whose educational systems are rudimentary, from China to Mexico, have used their armies as primary schools; but in Britain the need to do so is rather a shock. The reformers who put universal education on to the Statute Book in 1870 blithely reckoned that within half a century illiteracy would be as extinct as bubonic plague. The sad fact is that, by a recent Ministry of Education estimate, between 1½ and 2 per cent of young people aged from twenty to twenty-five are illiterate. This social problem is magnified by the relatively huge number of semi-literates. Estimates and definitions vary, and the latter are usually expressed in "reading ages"; Sir Cyril Burt's study assumes a semi-literate to read no better than a child of nine. It is safe to say that a semi-literate, though he can sign his name and read a notice saying TURN LEFT or REQUEST STOP, is shut out of the world of books and magazines, never writes letters, and could not make sense of the first paragraph of this article. In this sense, Burt concludes: "In England and Wales the number of illiterate adults cannot be less than two or three hundred thousand and . . . semi-literates cannot be less than three millions."

The thing is frightening. I have seen what it means to those affected, and how it can best be tackled, by visiting two of the six Preliminary Education Centres maintained by the Army. My first discovery was that the problem is national; special measures in one or two black spots are no solution. True, the slums of Glasgow and Liverpool contribute more than their share of backward readers, and I found the mining areas well represented; I also spoke to a good number of lads from Northern Ireland, as well as recruits from Eire who had managed not to attend school at all. But at the next desks sat Londoners, a Pembroke fisherman, a Yorkshire wool worker, and farm boys from all over the country. The causes of backward reading, too, are complex, even in each individual case. One can argue for hours whether to place more blame on innate lack of intelligence or on factors of environment, and interestingly enough the officers in command of the two centres held sharply opposed views. One of them said that most of his recruits were below average in mental power, and from a year's work could recall only one normally intelligent lad, a Negro from Cardiff, who had refused to work at school because he felt himself the victim of colour discrimination. This officer had developed a fervent interest in eugenics and had worked out how many of his pupils came from large families; he also knew how many were Catholics, a figure which he refused to divulge though it had evidently impressed him. The other officer stoutly maintained that nearly all the men he taught were of normal intelligence, and that their misfortunes were traceable to bad luck and sense of failure.

What is this bad luck? Home conditions must be put first. To put it mildly, millions of parents do not encourage their children to read. Of course, these parents don't read much themselves; but what they do read, be it only the *Daily Mirror*, they never think to pass on to the children. One boy told me that his father had a passion for gardening and the house was always full of gardening books, though no other books; he was taken to the allotment and taught what to do, but he was never allowed to touch the books. Two others recalled that, when they reported that they could not do their school work, Dad's answer was: "Well, never mind; I was a duffer at school myself; book-learning isn't everything"—and so they were encouraged to sidestep their difficulties. Many a boy or girl is ordered to put his books aside to help with the housework, look after the baby, or go out on a delivery round.

Such handicaps may go with a happy home; but when the home is unhappy or divided the effect on school work is often devastating. A child cannot attend to his lessons if he has lain awake half the night listening to his parents' quarrels, or if mother has stayed out all night and nobody has given him breakfast; and any teacher in our big cities, and our villages, too, will tell you stories like that. One illiterate explained to me: "My father died and mother was cruel to us, so I was sent to my uncle and aunt, and they didn't really want me." A sergeant pointed out to me the son of a London prostitute, with a long truancy record and a reading age of seven. Backwardness may have as much to do with emotional disturbance as with stupidity, and many intelligent children do badly at school because they are too worried to listen to the teacher, or because they sink their unhappiness by assuming a tough manner, deriding the children as sissies who do well, or developing a hatred for a teacher. Here is the link between backwardness and delinquency.

All the same, can a child really fail to learn his letters when he spends most of his waking hours in school for ten years? Well, for one thing, some children who have missed a term or even a matter of weeks through illness seem never to catch up. But being ill is not the only way to miss school. The older boys at crowded schools get away with an amount of truancy that one can only explain by supposing that their absence is not noticed. "I liked spending my time out of doors," is a telling phrase familiar to the Army instructors. Then there was the boy who came to Liverpool from Ireland at the age of eleven and, so he said, couldn't get into a school for two years. And wartime evacuation had effects far more drastic than a mere change of school. A Londoner told me that he was sent to Cornwall and simply didn't go to school; "Every time they got one started I moved on," he added, recalling to my mind the early chapters of *Put Out More Flags*. A boy from Deal did go to school in his evacuation area, but when the Germans didn't invade, his mother brought him home; this was frequently done but illicit, and so there was no school for years.

Yet we must not think that illiteracy will decline in years of peace, for much blame must be laid on large classes and unsuitable school buildings. The ideal school would give as much special coaching to the backward reader as to the scholarship candidate; the reality is more like this account given me by an Army recruit: "We did reading round the class, and when it came to my turn the teacher said: 'All right, I know you can't read; next boy.'" Failure begets failure, and the system of moving up according to age condemns the semi-literate to years of sitting at his desk in mute bewilderment while his fellows get further and further ahead of him.

Those concerned with the problem of adult illiteracy are naturally critical of teaching methods. Some accuse the schools of teaching children to read by drill, with no awakening of the imagination. Others declare that modern theory devotes so much time to projects, model-making, and general fun and games that the elementary skills—spelling, knowing a comma from a full-stop, and forming a legible hand—are passed over. I do not wish to take sides in this expert debate. But what I have seen of the more unfortunate products of our school system forces me to one generalisation: that the use of English is too often regarded as one subject on a level with others, and not recognised as the indispensable foundation for all other learning and for real inclusion in the national community. It is hard to see how a youngster who cannot express himself in his native language (and your illiterate is likely to be verbally inarticulate) can make anything of lessons in history or French. One has only to watch a young man in his twenties struggling with a child's primer to realise that the semi-literate is shut out, not just from a particular skill, but from the social life that most of us take for granted.

MERVYN JONES

The Six Just Men

ON April 18, 1942, the *Stock Exchange Gazette* carried a small news item of particular interest only to the limited circle of professional theatricals and disillusioned ordinary shareholders who were following the sagging fortunes of the Stoll Theatre Corporation. The story, which was designed to reassure (if that is the word) shareholders that, despite the death three months earlier of Sir Oswald Stoll, the Corporation would continue as an independent organisation, used words whose significance cannot have been appreciated at the time: "Mr Emile Littler," it ran, "will be Managing Director. Recently Mr. Prince Littler . . . joined the boards of the Stoll Theatres group." And in those two unconsciously prophetic sentences the anonymous pen of the *Stock Exchange Gazette* delineated the main stream of British theatrical history from then until today.

A few weeks later, a private company was registered under the name of the Prince Littler Consolidated Trust Ltd; and that June the story continued with the announcement that the Trust had taken over the management shares of the Stoll Theatre Corporation. This operation, which involved an expenditure of little more than £100,000, proved to be the foundation stone of the greatest concentration of private power ever seen in the entertainment industry in Britain.

In the following decade, a handful of business men under the leadership of Prince Littler have worked away, largely unseen by the public, buying and selling, acquiring power, discarding burdens, juggling with shares, but seldom risking their own fortunes, until it is broadly true to say that they now dominate the British theatre. Prince Littler, Emile Littler, T. F. Birch, Charles Gulliver, Stewart Cruikshank and Tom Arnold, between them hold some two hundred directorships in the entertainment world. With a few lesser associates they comprise a Group which has built solidly on that first foundation, the acquisition of Stoll, and now controls or influences, through a network of companies and directorships, sixty or seventy theatres (including over 50 per cent of the seating capacity in the West End and 70 per cent, or more, of No. 1 touring houses in the provinces), nine of the principal producing managements (including the powerful H. M. Tennent, Ltd., in which Howard and Wyndham—virtually a Group company—hold a one-third interest), ten brewing, soft drink and catering firms, as well as four publicity and printing establishments.

These basic facts and a wealth of other well-documented information about the financial structure and ownership of the British theatre industry, as it appeared two years ago, are contained in *Theatre Ownership in Britain*, published last month by the Federation of Theatre Unions at two guineas. This admirable report, which deserves the widest circulation its high cost will permit, does credit both to its anonymous author and to the Federation which commissioned it. It is not primarily a description of the problems facing the industry, nor a recommendation of future policy, but an analysis, as complete as could be achieved, of the finance and control of the network of companies, public and private, parent and subsidiary, which own Britain's theatres and provide the services they offer.

The Federation has been lucky in its choice of the expert entrusted with the job. He is not only an indefatigable researcher and skilled accountant; he can write. Indeed, although he sets out to reveal and record fact, without drawing conclusions, moral, social or political, it is the occasional needle-thrust of comment in text or footnote which directs the reader to the essential problem.

How dangerous or damaging is this quasi-monopoly of the Littler - Cruikshank - Arnold Group? In some quarters the report has been received as if it were a wholesale indictment, calling for immediate public action to check current abuses. It is difficult, indeed, to avoid concluding from an occasional twist of phrase or innuendo that the author himself conceived a stern dislike of the men whose affairs he investigated. Up to a point this attitude is understandable. Their financial methods, as portrayed in the report, have been ruthless, unromantic and greedy. But is not that the essence of private enterprise? And is not that why stringent laws are passed defining the limits within which the consumer and the investor may be exploited in the interests of good business? There is nowhere the slightest suggestion that the Group has transgressed these limits. The sequence of delicate manipulations by which it established itself may be disagreeable to Socialists, shocking to the sentimental: it was entirely within the law. Merely to abuse the Group because it has used, with exceptional skill, business methods which the law permits and society often honours, is futile. To complain about a trend towards monopoly is only to condemn the inevitable tendency of carefully planned, progressively successful capitalism—the sort that even Labour Governments tend to advocate. Yet here we get a glimpse of the more real complaint.

For the substantial case made against the Group in this report is no more than that it has shamelessly applied the all-in methods of, say, the scrap-dealer or the motor-car manufacturer to the art of the theatre; and in so doing has created, regardless of the merits of its day-to-day operations, a public danger and embarrassment. For, in the manufacture and sale of hardware, rationalisation will not normally impair the quality of the product; in the theatre, it may do. Moreover, when in industry or finance monopoly shows signs of becoming too powerful or too careless of the consumer, the State protects itself, not normally by breaking up the monopoly (an operation which is often neither desirable nor practicable), but by acquiring it and making it publicly accountable. Yet the arguments against a nationalised theatre monopoly—even in our well-entrenched democracy—are too obvious to need stating.

Apart from the intrinsic dangers of monopoly, some harm has, no doubt, been done in detail. But the Group can argue a strong case that on balance its operations have been beneficial. There is, to be sure, what can properly be called a racket in West End ground leases which, although lawful, adds to the already high costs of production. Then it can hardly be denied in the light of known profits (and salaries) that the public is paying dearer than it need for its entertainment, and particularly for incidentals such as drinks and programmes. It is, moreover, habitually alleged by producers, actors and playwrights—notably those not under contract to the Group—that the Group's streamlined commercial methods have done perceptible, if indefinable, damage to the quality of contemporary British drama; that new playwrights can seldom persuade the Group to take any risks; that the safe, regular producers (who have proved they can work within a budget and not shock the middle-class public) are too often preferred to brilliant innovators; that competent and experienced actors and actresses, who don't share the outlook on life of the H. M. Tennent direction, are finding it increasingly difficult to get work.

That there is some truth in all this need not be doubted; but there is another side to the story. There is no evidence that the Group has played any great part in the lease racket, or has used its powerful position to force up theatre rents against producing managements. The most unpleasant story in the report, the financing of the new Prince of Wales's Theatre (with the result that "a simple ground rent of a thousand pounds p.a. was turned into one of £3,500 p.a., under which was a sub-lease at £26,000 a year"),

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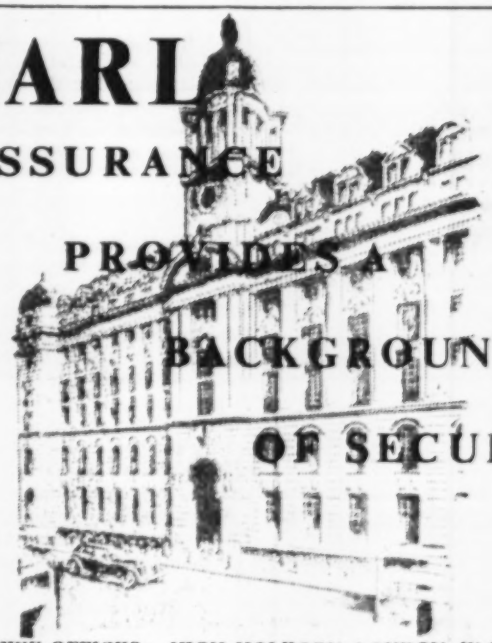

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concerns the manipulations of men who were not, at least obviously, members of the Group. Moreover, in the matter of prices, the Group, like other efficiently integrated concerns, manages at the same time both to overcharge and to give the public comparative value for money. Nobody who studies the report will doubt the basic overcharging; but it must be admitted that most London theatre seats cost comparatively less today than when the Group began to operate. The Group can claim that whatever its own profits it has done better by the consumer than have most industries and services, whether publicly or privately owned.

Has then the existence of the Group impaired the quality of the British theatre? The evils of monopoly are difficult to define with precision. It may be that the Group has succeeded in creating an atmosphere in which genius will find it hard to flower. It certainly does seem that the employment prospects of individual actors and producers are not always related to their professional skill. But—if I may borrow Mr. Worsley's mantle—I should say that the production record over the last ten years of, for instance, Tennents or the Company of Four, stands comparison with that of any management, or group of managements, in modern theatrical history.

No, the secondary case against the Group (not stressed in the report) that its use of power has done positive damage, cannot be sustained without more proof. What then of the primary charge, the danger and embarrassment of too much power? There is at least some evidence that the Group itself is not out to achieve monopoly at all costs. During the last three years it has neglected the opportunity to acquire at least two more West End theatres, the Playhouse and the Winter Garden. Before concluding from that, however, that the Group has no further territorial claims it is worth remembering that both these Houses have been unsuccessful over longish periods; and the Group has always denied itself the luxury of giving house room to white elephants.

But what is essential is that the employment and artistic opportunities of a growing number of writers, designers, actors and producers depend ultimately on a single employer, whose judgment, good or bad, is primarily commercial and, over a wide area of theatreland, can be absolute. This state of affairs lends itself to abuses which may not be less real because it is difficult, at any given moment, to define or prove them. Moreover, in the long run such a concentration of power, especially in London—necessarily the principal showroom of new plays—cannot but have an artistically debilitating effect, which the bravery of the "little" theatres and the enterprise of the handful of really independent managements will not be sufficient to offset. When, finally, one reflects that it is almost certainly within the power of this octopus to extend its tentacles at will, and that such freedom as exists in the West End exists only because the Group chooses to permit it, it is obvious that, despite the embarrassment, both the public and Parliament must take cognisance of the danger.

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Old Ghosts at Lavenham

IT was morning. The bells of St. Peter and St. Paul sang it: the changes of a Double Norwich bouncing through the rainy air, hitting the clouds, then steadied by the old lion voice of the tenor bell. The rain cleared, and we went out into Water Street. The old houses, studded, pargeted, timbered and tottering, blinked like owls in a flash of sun. Old Ginger, the village tramp, came slapping down the street, his head flaming, his arms waving, his voice shouting at fortune. Stiff devotional backs preceded us, followed us. "Good-morning, Miss Branwhite." "Terrible weather, Mrs. Perry." Children clutched holy pennies in best gloves. Then the Salvation Army band came down Barn Street, blowing a gale of brass, Mr. Jarvis, the weaver, praising the Lord with a double E Flat Bass. From the de Vere house, veined like the hand of an ageing beauty, came the Garrards. Past the smithy, where Williams tends the old bright eye of his forge, past Lady Street and the Wool Hall towards the Swan. Constable Parsons, who keeps five hives of bees, pedalled by, hot on the trail of catapulters. Then we marched up Church Street, leaving the houses, and there was a silver tempest of birds, before we reached the rook-roofed trees and the high Perpendicular tower of the church.

We came in for the Easter Hymn, "Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia." Under the carved and moulded roof-beams, rows of Suffolk faces, square and stripped by the east wind, sang to the Resurrection, the sowing and the buds. Under the studded canopy of honour, the chancel screen shone with daffodils, primroses, and mauve primulas. South and north the two parcloses, like delicate hedges, were pricked with green. "Hymns of praise then let us sing." High up, the shields and stars and boars of the de Veres challenged the emblems of the Lavenham merchant, Spring. Walls and pillars gaped under the iron fury of Cromwellian hammers, soberness smashed the windows, the wood-pigeon mourned. "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. We will now sing Hymn 136. . . ."

The church was built after the prosperity of Lavenham had been established. In the 14th century, Flemish weavers were induced to settle there ("if they would but come over into England, bringing their mistery with them, they should feed on fat beef and mutton. . . ."). They may have regretted it in underpaid sweat, but the clothiers grew fat of belly and jingled long purses. After plundering the abbeys and destroying the religious guilds, the Tudors squeezed the wool-merchants, and the merchants squeezed the weavers. The Civil War marked the decline of the industry, and it died with the coming of steam in the North. "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." The choir sang, and the voices rang in the beams and woke Saint Blaise, patron saint of the wool-combers, in his wooden sleep on the Spring parclose.

At present the town, now village, of Lavenham has some thirteen hundred souls. Its mainstay is agriculture, but there are a few small factories and crafts—two light engineering works, a smelting and casting works, a subsidiary silk-weaving factory, a horse-hair-preparing establishment and one hand-loom weaver. New residents, "foreigners," are gradually moving in as the old inhabitants die off, or move to the blare of larger towns. But the ghosts of Lavenham stay on. Even if the village becomes an overflow area for Sudbury, and a target for vulgarisation of the "Olde Worlde," the ghosts will still speak, until even the Office of Works will hear them. The majority of the villagers stay dug in, paying a rent of a few shillings a week. The Guildhall in the Market Place, original religious guild of Corpus Christi, built in 1529, serves as a centre for the Women's Institute, Youth clubs, and public library. Above the gloomy Bridewell click the billiard balls. The whole Guildhall may be hired for thirty shillings, for weddings, rallies or club nights. Seven shillings extra for use of piano. Bring your own trestles.

There is no fire-brigade; it was disbanded a year ago owing to difficulties in fire-fighting organisation. Water gave out, the firemen were difficult to locate, and too much time was taken on refreshments. In the old cottages, speculators wait like spiders, the joiners and the carpenters sharpen their saws, the Americans inspect the reverent timbers with photo-electric eyes. And the houses wait, as they have waited for centuries, folding their patient, knotted hands and bowing their lichened heads, in the certainty they will be saved. Greed, apathy, and Town and Country planning cannot destroy them. Even if many of the villagers would prefer Council houses, even if the cottages are draughty, labour-wasting and uncomfortable, or some of the weaver's cottages are falling to decay, or the Rural District Council cast their eyes on priority building lots, they are safe: they have their own life. The houses of Shilling Street, Barn Street, Prentice Street and Lady Street are wonderful vampires sucking the force from wonderless todays. To protect them there is a Lavenham Preservation Society. (A hotly discussed point is the building of four Council houses in Shilling Street, among the weaver's cottages. Also the erection of white kerb-stones.) There is a Suffolk Preservation Society and an Ipswich Historical Society. And, of course, the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings.

It was Psalm 49. "For he shall carry nothing away with him when he dieth; neither shall his pomp follow him." A shaft of sun glowed on the old stone and the flowers flickered into life. I

thought of my friends the Garrards—Basil, his sister Laura, and young Dick—for generations, the great carpenters and joiners of Lavenham. While I spoke to Basil in his workshop, and went over the houses he was reconstructing, I gradually saw him as not of this day: the houses had claimed him. "The excellence of Tudor building always delights me," he said. "Look. The joints are perfectly tennoned and morticed and the posts oak-pinned into the plate and the tie-beam. See how the studs curve and the building sways over. That is because the Tudors built with unseasoned wood. Yet the houses will endure and endure." His eye was calm with the old craft, it lay in his hand. "I tell my workmen, away with the plumb-line; measure with the eye, the house makes its own laws."

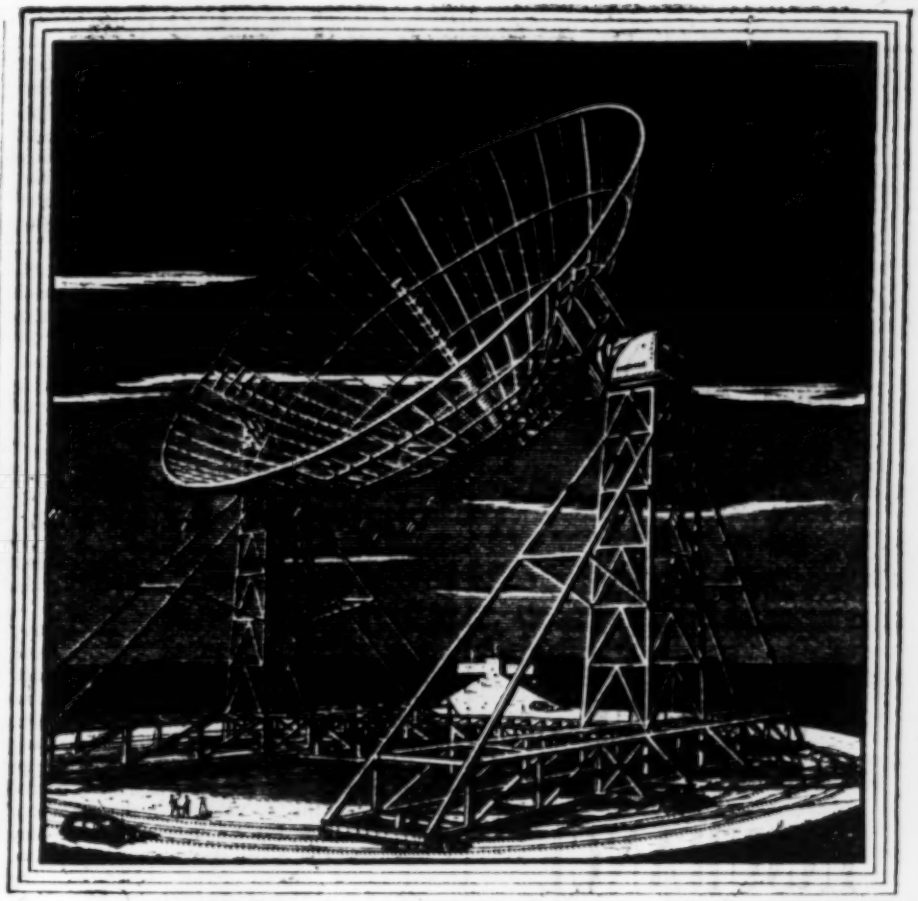
I could see in my mind the constant inward activity of the houses ever since the Wars of the Roses; the chimneys built, the ceilings put in, the plastering, pargeting, spandreling, and then the layer upon layer of wallpapers. Then the unplastering, the wallpapers stripped off, the ceilings demolished, the chimneys uncovered, and the gradual evisceration, the guts removed and the radiators, refrigerators, and television sets moved in. Gently Garrard slips in objects of his own craftsmanship, a spandrel with a de Vere boar, a staircase, a moulded beam, and the ghosts claim them as their own. Murals, too, have been, and are being, uncovered, presumably of Flemish design. There are some of remarkable fineness in the annexe to the Swan Hotel, undergoing repair. Close inspection proves most of the figures to be boasting of enormous phallic proportions. These boisterous, fat-bottomed cartoons are also safe from the present-day Cromwellians, and can find sanctuary in the bosom of the Societies.

Even here in the church, during a lull in the service, I can hear Jarvis's double E Flat Bass. On Tuesday, he will be back at his hand-loom in Water Street, the clattering shuttles carrying the weft through the warp of his tweeds, scarves, ties, bedspreads and curtains. Among the stacks of wool-cheeses he and his son, too, are working for the ghosts.

The psalm ended, and the knees rustled to prayer. Up in the belfry, Steadman Symons and his band of bell-ringers were waiting by. Other ghosts claimed him. The great mouth of the tenor bell, cast in 1625, and the other seven, had swallowed him, his father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather, and had begun to eat his four-year-old grandson. "Lifts his hands up in the air, pulls them down and says 'boom,'" said Steadman. His band competes with the bell-ringers of Melford, Sudbury, Bury St. Edmunds, and as far afield as St. Luke's, Chelsea. The fields fountained with the rippling changes of the Grandsire triples, and Rodney's Victory.

The organ played and the pennies slipped into the offertory bags. A gloom of rain swept to the great windows, and I could imagine the Salvation Army band tumbling down Shilling Street like a pack of cards. Near me I could see Williams, the blacksmith, and his wife. His smithy went back into the fold of memory. There were old people in the village who could remember three generations of smiths in Water Street. Williams not only shod the Suffolk Punches which made the pilgrimage to his forge, but hammered gates, brackets and ironwork for the houses around. "I'm just feeling my way with the iron. It's beginning to live," he said. Through such men as these the ghosts survive.

The rector ascended the flower-gemmed pulpit and suddenly the sun speared the nave in splendour. I could hear the scandal of the rooks beyond the church, and I thought of the greatest ghost of all Lavenham; a ghost carried from



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mouth to mouth and book to book, far beyond Preston and Hadleigh and Melford, past the boundaries of Suffolk, to the towns of the world. The ghost of Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, said to be William Shakespeare. Cultured scholar and aristocratic strolling player who performed before the Queen in 1585, whose manor in Lavenham has disappeared without trace, whose poems appeared in a "Hundred Sundrie Flowres," he, too, lives in the blood of others.

The sermon's descending spiral chilled the stone and heart. "It is not for flowers and music that we are gathered together this Easter, but to prepare soberly for the resurrection beyond the grave. . . ." As I looked up in the roodless Chancel along the chipped walls, I seemed to hear echoes of the iron hammers smashing the rose and the lily.

ANTHONY CARSON

Unloved Classics

FEW books are remembered with more distaste than some of those in which poetry is studied for Certificate examinations at school. To "do" a great poet too often entails three terms of very hard labour; the pupil is chained to the textbook—an instrument which Bernard Shaw called detestable and sham, "a book from which no human being can learn anything: a book which, though you may decipher it, you cannot in any fruitful sense read, though the enforced attempt will make you loathe the sight of a book all the rest of your life." Such was the trenchant comment by G. B. S. forty years ago. Even today it is nearer the mark than one would wish. Better school editions of the classics are being published, but the bad old books of the bad old days take many years to wear out, and can be replaced by reprints when they do.

Typical of these is a certain edition of Milton's shorter poems, which was first published in 1891 and has been reprinted eleven times. Happily I never had to study this book at school, but it is still used widely, and I recently bought a second-hand copy to see what it was like. The copy was inscribed by a boy named Curtis, who studied it in 1925. Curtis must have been a hard worker, because apart from writing his signature countless times and in countless different ways on the endpapers, he defaced his book with neither doodle nor drawing. On the contrary, he devoted his energies to underlining assiduously sentence after sentence in the Introduction (42 pages) and the Notes (140 pages). Though I doubt whether he greatly enjoyed Milton's poetry (a mere 30 pages) he clearly tried to learn nearly everything that the editor had to say about it. Not content with endeavouring to master obscure words and allusions, the poor boy had swotted up pieces of the most abstruse etymological information. Thus, when he read of "russet lawns" in *L'Allegro*, he consulted and underlined the entire 32-line note on "russet," where the editor explained at length the derivation "from O.F. *rousset*, a diminutive of *roux* (*cf.* Low Lat. *roussetum* in Du Cange)" and referred pupils to the use of the word in Cotgrave, Minsheu, Jonson, Shakespeare, and Scott. Words, words, words! And then, at the bottom of the page, the schoolboy had written: "Certain gobbet."

So much for the bad old books. Their fault lay in the fact that their editors pre-supposed that the young reader would have the interest and the knowledge of a very well-read undergraduate. It was not realised that if a boy tries to digest a vast amount of almost meaningless material his memory very soon disgorges it into oblivion; he forgets—even if he does not forgive.

Modern school editions of our classics are very different, partly because University Examining Boards now regard the study of English literature in a much more liberal manner, and partly because the schools are tending less and less to see in our literature a field for that mental discipline once more generally afforded by Latin. The most recent edition of Milton's minor poems, by E. M. W. and Phyllis Tillyard, can illustrate the change. Notes are stimulating and brief (that word "russet" is explained in four lines) and the Introduction presents first-rate reasons for reading the poems and understanding the allusions that Milton assumed would be understood by his readers. It is on comprehension and enjoyment, not on memory, that stress is put.

Yet before a book can be used it must be bought. At present, the Public schools are counting the pennies, and State schools must think twice before ordering improved editions of the classics when they already hold large stocks of old editions. The allowances given for books by Local Education Authorities are minute in comparison with their total expenditure. For example, the gross estimate of the L.C.C. Education Committee for 1952-53 is £25,598,285 (this figure not including capital expenditure), and the estimate for all textbooks for all schools and colleges is £191,700. Thus, of the money spent on education in the L.C.C. area, less than three-quarters of one per cent. will probably be spent on textbooks. Furthermore, these modern editions are still inadequate in one vital respect. Their design and layout would be commercially unacceptable were they ordinary books for sale to the younger members of the general public.

As matters stand, when a boy leaves school he cannot but associate the poets whom he has studied for an exam. with small textbooks in which the margins are skimped, and the size of type is large enough for legibility but not for the enjoyable reading of poetry. It is not that the educational publishers are incapable of producing textbooks well: their exhibition at the Festival of Britain showed the contrary. But they cannot be over-generous in the production of books that must contain a great deal of material and have to be produced for examination purposes at highly competitive prices.

It is sad that in our Welfare State the welfare of our children's bodies should assume so much more importance than the welfare of their minds, that we can spend vast sums upon school buildings, meals, milk, changing-rooms, gardens, gymnasiums, etc., more readily than upon what is surely a school's most important equipment. If a school building is unsuitable it can be condemned by the Ministry of Education; no school book can be similarly treated. Yet, until or unless our classics are presented in real books, not "detestable sham books," they will for the greater part remain unloved and unread in later life.

The remedy does not lie in the hands of educational publishers: if produced more generously, the books would cost too much to stand a chance of being bought. And the Examining Bodies would not prescribe them because the schools could not afford them. Governing Bodies and Local Education Authorities should be the first to make a move, by demanding that more money be allocated for new and better books. If people insisted that school fees and rates be spent with a greater sense of proportion, so as not to neglect the essential tools of education, Examining Bodies would take action, and educational publishers would give of their best.

PATRICK HEYWORTH

Sadhu

WHEN I hear of someone planning to go to India, my suspicions are aroused: I am curious to know why. That is the question the Indian with the blue-tinted Corning spectacles asked us that first night out, bound from Genoa for Bombay. "Why are you going to India?" he asked each of us in turn, as we collected in the third-class lounge.

Our answers were various and evasive—those of us who were going to India to get lost. Some of us (with tinkling lamaseries in mind) said that we were interested in Eastern philosophy (the jewel is in the lotus). Others wanted to live in villages to teach basic education (the Americans have devised a scheme to lick illiteracy in 15 days).

"Do you know what is basic education?" the Indian asked us, holding himself stiffly. "Have you ever seen an Indian village? Do you know what it is like for a man to be defeated by a simple thing, such as his inability to dispose of his own excrement?" These, to my knowledge, were the only words that Blue Corning Glasses addressed to us the length of the trip. The rest of the voyage he spent on the lee-side reading, or at least holding in his lap, a copy of *Anti-Duhring*.

No, it was not the inquisitive Indian who started some of us tacking wildly in search of a plausible purpose in our going to India. It was a Frenchman named Jean-Claude.

We spotted him in the sheds at Genoa, while waiting to board the Lloyd-Triestino liner. The first thing we noted was that he wore no socks. The shin bones, where the cuffs of his frayed workman's *bleus* failed to meet his scuffed shoes, were mottled by the February cold. His face, beneath a mop of sandy hair, was pinched, ferret-like, the sensitive mouth cancelled out by a comedian's nose. When he laughed, there were gaps in his teeth, of which he was conscious, for he covered his mouth with his hand.

Aboard ship, Jean-Claude's story soon spread through the third class. He was on his way to India to become a *sadhu*. He had no money, having spent his last franc for the boat passage. Moreover, he had no visa for landing in India, but only a 10-day transit permit for Ceylon. How he planned to get from Ceylon into India was a question that intrigued us. Some, recalling the *Ramayana*, suggested that perhaps Hanuman, the monkey god, would rescue him as he had rescued Sita from the clutches of a Ceylonese king. In any event, as his interests did not conflict with ours, we took him as a friend—all, that is, save the Jesuit missionaries. They fled his presence as though he were Beelzebub.

There was a curious ambivalence in our attitude towards him. For while we admired his courage, his renunciation was not the solution to our personal problems, we felt. Some were frightened by this caricature of themselves *in extremis*. As one of us expressed it, "The meat grinder is too recent an experience for us to feel other than disturbed by the sight of raw hamburger." Still, we could not leave him alone. We picked at him, knowing that he could fend for himself, indeed best us at our own argument; for Jean-Claude had both wit and logic, those qualities in which his countrymen excel. We picked at him out of boredom, much as one would pick at a scab.

"Sadhu (for that was the name we gave him), why are you running away?"

"Why do you not stay and fight, Sadhu?"

"*Shanti, shanti*," he would intone, his hands joined in traditional Hindu greeting to hide his gap-toothed grin. But his reaction to the politicos, who wore celluloid badges with the Picasso dove, was more lively. "Get away from me," he would shout, feigning to ward off blows. "Your dove will beat me to death with its wings."

The trouble with Jean-Claude was that he tended to overdo it. Egged on by the more bored among us, he was inclined to lend himself to low comedy and buffoonery. This displeased some of us; for we did not want to see him cheapened or lose his dignity. As baiters, we identified ourselves with the bear.

Bit by bit we learned his history. He came from a peasant family in the Dordogne, but had run away to sea at sixteen. When he wasn't going to sea, he was going to jail—in Bordeaux, in Cadiz, in Valparaiso; for vagrancy, for loitering, for dodging military service, for entering countries illegally. "*Visa? Qu'est-ce que c'est visa?*" And into jail they would pop him. "Fixed place—?" "visible means—?" "*Je n'en sais rien.*" The sidewalk was his fixed place of habitation, and the birds would feed him, as they had fed others, desert-dwellers like him. One had the impression that Jean-Claude had seen the inside of one jail too many, that he had been hit over the head once too often, and that now he was running, running fast, muttering the "*ram, ram, ram*" of the Hindu litany as he ran.

At one time in his wanderings he had met a *guru*, in fact, a succession of *gurus*, for he seemed to have made the *guru* circuit, always in search of the true one, until wordly distractions or police insistence had sent him back to France. Now he was off again in search of the true *guru*.

As the voyage lengthened, we found other interests and gradually left Jean-Claude alone. It was evident, beneath his banter, that he desperately needed to be alone and at peace with himself. We would find him on deck in meditation, sometimes sitting in a lotus position. He was pre-

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caring himself for his coming life, rubbing out the formative influences, or *samskaras*, as he called them. He also developed a streak of zaniness, I remember. He used to slip notes under the door of my cabin, although we met at meals and he could talk to me a dozen times during the day. They would contain such memorabilia as this hot weather hint: "Amala (alsa) fruit: keep cool, soaking it in water overnight. Drink the water, or chew it (the fruit). Very healthy, keeps you free of disease."

The day before we docked at Aden, Jean-Claude began to collect bread for us to distribute to the hungry. (He, himself, would not go ashore, though we offered to pay his way.) At noon he made the rounds of the tables, snatching unused bread with quick, furtive movements. The evening meal took on the aspects of a Marx Brothers comedy: every time one looked up from one's plate, there would be Jean-Claude's head in a porthole demanding, first, bread, then butter—until the stewards became suspicious.

When we parted company with Jean-Claude at Bombay, he pressed some olive pits into my hand with the plea that I plant them. He had brought them all the way from the Côte d'Azur in the belief that they would grow trees and thus prove a blessing to some poor peasant family. I left them, I'm sorry to say, in a bureau drawer at the Ambassador Hotel in Bombay, but not without feelings of guilt.

When next I heard of Jean-Claude he had been smuggled into India by some disciples of Swami Shivananda and was headed north. He had donned the saffron robes of the *sadhu* and had taken the name of *Daya Kumar*, which means a prince who has pity and charity for all. He wrote from an ashram, near the foot of the Himalayas, where the Ganges enters the plain. The letter, itself, was tragic. He had lost his remaining teeth and was having trouble with his diet.

The last I heard of Jean-Claude he was in Bombay, had contracted a venereal disease (from a latrine in the seamen's club, he claimed) and was planning to stow away for France. He had decided to marry a girl from his village, whose father owned a poultry farm and had no sons to help him with the business. As for the girl, one of her legs was defective, but Jean-Claude seems to have learned long ago that beauty resides in the soul.

TOM A. CULLEN

The Arts and Entertainment

VENETIAN BALLET

BALLET is one of the arts best equipped to evoke a poetic mood, it is also a highly sensual art, so that Venice epitomised in ballet form would seem a comparatively easy target for the choreographer to hit. But a little Italian music combined with dominoes and masks is certainly not sufficient to conjure up a vision of the mysterious beauty of the Venetian atmosphere, and on these supports Andrée Howard has relied in the characterisation of her new work, *Veneziana*, produced for the Sadler's Wells company at Covent Garden. This ballet has turned out to be a musical comedy sort of *divertissement*, without any of the warm-hearted vulgarity of that medium and without any of the subtlety of feeling one would have expected from so sensitive a choreographer. Here is a dull ballet, conceived in a very middling vein. Only in Sophie Fedorovitch's fine and delicately tinted scenery is there a taste of the strange and water-reflecting wonder that might have been made of a Venetian pageant of dancing. Donizetti's music could have added the gaiety, had it not been chosen in so monotonously gay a mood; the costumes, too, are gay almost beyond bearing, though, as with the musical pieces, many are individually delightful. For the choreography, which consists of a series of numbers for the different groups of dancers, there is little variety to the conventional classic style. Only in Punchinello's dance and the Tarantella is there any individual kind of movement. As the ballerina, Violetta Elvin is a disappointment: she appears as a good dancer, but one without original brilliance, and, like a bird always getting under way, beats the air too strongly with her legs and arms.

The Jooss company has returned to Sadler's Wells theatre for a season with its high moral tone undiminished. These Jooss-trained dancers are unique, in that the carefully pointed or carefully unpointed toe takes on moral significance, and the Body Beautiful, encased in its dun or grey uniform, symbolising Woman and Man, becomes as sexless, even in intendedly sexual orgies, as any puritan could wish. In successful ballets, like *The Green Table* and *Big City*, this high moral tone is vital and gives great power to the propagandist quality. But in unsuccessful works like *Colombinade* and *Song of Youth* (both later Jooss ballets) the confusion of themes is embarrassingly inadequate. The tragedy of this company, so bravely kept together by its founder, is that since 1932, when it won the competition of the *Archives Internationales de la Danse* with *The Green Table*, it has never developed or produced any ballet of equal distinction. In fact, the technique seems to have contracted to a limited number of graceful movements that quite soon become monotonous.

The company dances with an even finish and delicacy that is in itself most satisfying to watch, and when allied to the lyrical rhythm of Hans Zullig's ballet, *Fantasy*, there is a taste of potentialities beyond the world of moral frustration in which Jooss deals almost exclusively. Coming from Covent Garden there is a startling opposition of style. But, for the dancers themselves, I like the way the men do not simper or ogle at the audience, and if the girls lack all sense of humour, they move with an effortless grace that must be the envy of their more technically brilliant sisters at the Royal Opera House.

ANNABEL FARJEON

MACHINE-LIFE PAINTING

PRUNELLA CLOUGH'S 37 new paintings, at the Leicester Galleries, establish her as one of the most developed and serious English painters of her generation. She was born in 1919. But unfortunately it is quite possible that her new pictures—mostly of lorries, lorry-drivers, machines and cranes—will not be popular. Those who expect colour to be an essentially exotic visual element will say that her work is drab, and prefer her earlier, "dreamier" canvases. Those who have not come to terms with the machine will say that it is inhuman. Those who believe that originality is the prime virtue, will say that she relies on a formula. In fact, in each case the opposite is true.

The key to understanding Miss Clough's work is to realise that she is fundamentally a still-life painter. Above all, she is interested in the material, the density, the tactile "feel" of the objects she paints. She looks out on an industrial city—its greased axles, its riveted plates, its plane boards, its cables, ladders and tarpaulins, its rust, its crude protective paints, the condensation of its atmosphere—allows the very fabric of it to press in upon her imagination, and then tries to find, in terms of paint, the equivalent of its imprint. The process, however, is never superficial. It never, for instance, degenerates into a mere copying of textures. She studies an object as a geologist might study a stone, finding in its patina clues to the history of its structure. If she paints a crane, she admits the reason for its tracery: its open structure is planned to make it mobile: its mobility demands

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an implication of space. If she paints a cable-drum, she reminds us that it is made round so that it can be rolled: the blue of its painted wood is juxtaposed to the blue denims of a distant workman: between the blues, one revolution of the drum. But always, however large the spacial and structural implications of her painting, she preserves in a remarkable way the intimacy of every object. To a geologist an aspect of a mountain seen through a telescope can be as intricately known as a stone in the hand. When once this paradox (the paradox of a landscape or a figure-scene retaining its dignity of scale while yet being considered as a still-life) has been realised, Miss Clough's paintings are easily enjoyed, the objections to them easily answered.

Her colour—within its greys, service browns and metal blues—is firmly and exquisitely organised. It is only emphatically limited because she refuses to break the tonal logic of objects existing in relationship to space and atmosphere. Although her drawing is formalised, she is essentially a tonal and plastic painter. Her interest in machines is fully human because she never deifies them and is intelligent about their function. She finds in them, even when deserted, evidence of human ingenuity—as, in a different way, a Romantic poet might infer drama from a plucked rose. As for her formalisations, which derive in terms of art history from Adler, Léger, Picasso and Corbusier—they are, in practice, made unique by their fitness to their subject. Her best paintings—*The Milk Lorry*, *The Lorry with a cable-drum*, *The Cranes*, *The Old Machine*—have the tension and the integrity of purpose of working models. One feels that her sketches must be blue-prints, that she controls her pigments, brushes and canvases with as workmanlike a finesse as one would need to drive the tools and trade-tackle that supply her subjects.

Some of her paintings are, of course, weak. She fails when dealing with figures in action. Her drawing is sometimes cramped, so that the edges of a form appear snipped-off, their full, solid growth abbreviated. Her paint is sometimes over-worked. Occasionally a conception is too ambiguous—as in *Night Train Landscape*. If she is going to continue to include figures in her work, I would like to see her paint flesh with the intimate sympathy with which she now paints wood and iron. But despite this, and without making claims for genius, I will gladly risk saying that I believe Prunella Clough's paintings will be truly valid in fifty years' time.

Roy de Maistre's Cubist pictures at the Hanover Gallery are also serious and honest. But they lack the illumination and clarity which their method should yield. The Cubist analysis of form should produce periscopic advantages; these become somewhat diffused through the lens. I suspect an underlying weakness of drawing. But go to the show, for this may be over-harsh.

JOHN BERGER

TELEVISION NOTES

"Well, I got my towel back and Noel got his billing," cooed gently by Frank Lawton, was the climax of a would-be tempestuous hotel bedroom scene in *The Passing Show* programme on Sir Charles Cochran. Mr. Michael Milis called in one of "Cocky's" own friends, Miss Diana Morgan, to write the script. But even this didn't solve the problem of giving some sort of shape and coherence to a cumbersome mass of biography, gossip, nostalgia and the innumerable song-and-dance numbers. There were felicitous moments—the opening shot of the masked men in "Dance, Dance, Dance Little Lady" I remember vividly—but all along there was a fatal uneasiness in the whole conception. On a different level, in pure ballet, we had the privilege of watching Alicia Markova with Violetta Elvin in *Les Sylphides*. The present size of the average screen diminishes Fokine's choreography almost to nothing, but, nevertheless, the individual dances were memorable.

Mr. Peter Smithers's programme *As Others See Us*, in which he has tried to investigate the reactions to Britain of people in Europe, is intended as a complement to Mr. Christopher Mayhew's recent brilliant series *International Commentary*. As far as the Germans are concerned the title seemed misleading, since we were merely told what was said by them; it is rather *we* who see the foreigners through the eyes of Mr. Smithers. What emerged from this programme was the timorous political apathy of a sausage-maker, the firm belief in an Anglo-German *herrenvolk* of a farmer, something I did not clearly follow from an intellectual and the smiling charm of a musician. Yet there was scarcely a single note of real understanding during the half-hour, and the German girl chosen to assist Mr. Smithers corroborated rather than contradicted what was disquieting in the reported answers.

Another acutely topical programme came from the drama department. *The Troubled Air*, from the novel by Irwin Shaw, made a most worthwhile television play. There was a splendidly authentic set for the radio station where the Communist witch-hunt takes place. The essence consists of personal apologias poured out by the various employee-victims to the interrogating writer-producer (toughly done by Patrick Barr), who himself gets victimised in the end. Clever, unusual "two-shots" with one player putting his back to the screen brought these scenes out well in the production by Ian Atkins and Julian Aymes. In *Spark in Judea*, by Mr. R. F. Delderfield, performed over Easter, Pontius Pilate appears as a divided man because of a supposed early meeting with Jesus; in the presentation of this interesting dramatic idea Sebastian Shaw made Pilate rather too cloyingly sympathetic. This month in a sudden fervour of highbrowism—long may it last!—the television has also put on revivals of Christopher Fry, Rostand and Bernard Shaw.

Perhaps as a follow-up to Sir William Darling's fulminations against dogs on *In the News*, we were taken one evening to an obedience class and shown how to inculcate good doggy behaviour from the start. It all depends apparently on a "choke collar," which, despite its lethal name, does not, we were assured, really hurt the young dog. Other good recent topical programmes have included Captain Jaques Cousteau with a showing of his film of underwater exploration, and without warning another evening three more explorers—Mr. Brian Fawcett, son of the Brazilian pioneer, who discussed his latest plans, Mr. John Brown and Mr. Sebastian Snow, who always goes into dangerous parts unarmed, and when asked how he deals with potential attacks from savage people explained that "You just behave as one child to another." And, finally, in *Athletes in Action*, I was interested to watch an "analyser projector" (being used for the first time in television) slowly separate the different movements involved in a pole vault.

ANTHONY CURTIS

THE MOVIES

"Battle of Stalingrad," at the Marble Arch Pavilion
"The Final Test," at the London Pavilion

Something of a *rapprochement*, of an *entente* perhaps not yet *cordiale*, draws West and East together. How far this is expressed by the two films, English and Russian, that most engage at the moment, I'm not sure; chance rather than the world at large has always ruled what we shall and shall not see. The Russian contribution seems to leave us much where we were. *Battle of Stalingrad* is one of those massive reconstructions of the war which remind us how stirring were the documentaries on which they are based. What proportion of the scenes in this film is "actual" one can only guess: the more distant views of battle, especially, seem real; Stalingrad crumbling and in flames waits while a woman with a dead

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child stands posed, and of course there's a facsimile Stalin always to come back to, quietly shouldering the burden and giving the unassailably right order, with a shouting, pop-eyed Hitler at the other extreme. As a matter of fact, the one's saintliness and the other's devilry aren't here so overdone as they sometimes are; the whole film is about as good an example of its school as has come our way. It impresses as an honest, straightforward and forcible depiction of events, and nearer the real thing than most war films this side of the Curtain. Yet for an English audience *Battle of Stalingrad* is far from being the exciting film it is intended to be. What thrilled at home—the laudation of Stalin, the admirable likenesses of all the Russian leaders (one finds oneself staring curiously at Malenkov), the pages of a history book turned over, the maps, and the moments of big decision—seem here as tedious as those painted battle-scapes that lumber the world's art galleries. Between the social realism of the one and the academic acceptance of the other there's not a ha'porth to choose; the spark, fatally, is lacking from both. Otherwise, as I've said, *Battle of Stalingrad* stolidly sustains its tradition.

But if Soviet patriotism tends to weary us, what would *they* make of the reverences and legpullings anent a hardly less sacred topic in *The Final Test*? This is all about cricket. A wide-hatted American arrives at Victoria, having read of nothing but crises and bankruptcies on the way over. He finds everyone in a state of gloom over "England's position," elucidates a cricket match, and goes to it. Here, I think, he differs from a Russian in the same circumstances, whom one can't imagine—except in terms of outrageous farce—sitting for three days at the Oval. *The Final Test* isn't farce, except, naturally enough, when it touches on the less serious matter of literature; it could be described, I suppose, as sentimental comedy. What makes it so enjoyable to an English audience—and myself I found it the most enjoyable English film for a long time—is its accumulation of niceties about a favourite mania. This test match exercising a witchery over grand-stands and gasworks, pubs and country retreats, dividing father from son and bringing unexpected lovers together, is the last of a series already lost. England is fighting desperately. Spectators take their morning seats praying there *won't* be any excitement. Its hero (Jack Warner), making a last appearance and a duck, enjoys such a personal "Dunkirk" as will go down in the annals of the game. To give a final twist, his son, preferring poetry and absenting himself in order to call on a literary editor (Robert Morley), is unexpectedly welcomed as the son of a great man, and the two speed up to London scattering literary preoccupations to the wind. Mr. Morley achieves transcendent mirth. Now there's absurdity enough here, and near enough to the truth, for Messrs. Rattigan and Asquith to crack their joke and cellar it, too. This kind of English fun-preserving either charmingly comes off or quite misses the mark. If *The Titfield Thunderbolt* facetiously disappointed over trains, *The Final Test* more than makes up for it with bat and ball. But what would Moscow say?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

New Music on the Third Programme

The B.B.C. continues to provide a welcome platform for the new, and, despite accusations of partiality, casts its net pretty wide. It was exhilarating to hear again Malcolm Arnold's First Symphony with its odd mixture of lyrical charm and instrumental knockabout: out of this spirited circus something considerable may one day come. Lennox Berkeley's *Orlando Gibbons Variations*, first given last year at Aldeburgh, is another example of the recent broadening of his emotional range; it is a quiet piece, beautifully laid out for tenor, chorus, strings and organ, in which the smooth writing for the solo voice conveys a sense of ecstasy which is notably free from strain. On the other hand, it begins to look as though Ernest Bloch had little fresh to say. The two orchestral works which received their first performance last Saturday were designed to be played in succession, and are certainly well contrasted. The Second Concerto Grosso, for strings only, is almost pure pastiche, and remains impersonal even when eighteenth-century harmony is momentarily abandoned. With the *Sinfonia Breve* we plunge into the more familiar Bloch of storm and stress, wild rhapsody and high colour; the work contains some attractive episodes, but the rhetoric is no longer sustained by the old burning conviction. The important broadcast of Pizzetti's Biblical opera, *Dèbora e Jaele*, was technically disastrous. No doubt, as a look at the score suggests, the musical substance is spread a bit thin, especially in Act 1; but no true impression could be formed from a harsh recording so woefully deficient in bass that the exasperated listener was often obliged to guess at the intended harmony.

D. S.-T.

William Gear, at Gimpel Fils

Among these twenty or so paintings there is one large picture of some footballers, several semi-abstract canvases of twisted tree trunks placed amidst geometric squares and posts, and a number of more purely abstract works of dancing fragments of colour—a little like burning bushes (some are called Hedgerow) and a little like bouquets of festive wrapping papers, cracker hats, candles and sparklers. All are distinguished by a dappled flickering luminosity which in some ways suggests the gaiety of Léger. Several, such as Lattice (No. 67) are beautifully and satisfyingly designed. In others, the movement of the colour-motes becomes over chaotic or the growth of the tree-limbs becomes flabby. The best work is the Footballers. Here all elements coalesce into a subject, under the discipline of a relative logic. The sunlit yellow bars of the striped shirts lam up and down with agitated speed. The white bars of the goal-posts and the transposed white lines, marking the pitch itself, form a grid through which, from the ball in the foreground, one races past two large, abruptly halted figures (with the look that footballers often have that their centre of gravity is somehow in their knees) back through a corridor of colour that suggests vaguely but adequately the action of the other players. There are occasional weak passages—the distant, dandified figure in the top left-hand corner, for instance—but on the whole the picture is exciting and sustained. There have been few serious attempts to interpret movement in terms of "impressionist" dazzle, rather than by a "cubist" analysis of planes; this is a worthy and brave one.

J. B.

"The Doctor in Bean Street," at the Embassy

This good-hearted piece plays upon the most popular of current sentimentalities, our ambivalent feelings for young criminals. The elder of these is twenty and so beyond hope; he must kill himself on a rooftop, beleagured by policemen, two of whom he has shot. His younger brother is redeemable, and a harassed hedgehog of a doctor whose bristles hide a heart of gold is cast for the role of redeemer. But redemption by love is a long business and a play is short. Inevitably it looks as if the trick can be done with a couple of good-natured growls and a visit to the seaside. This hardly makes for conviction. In any case the play is too episodic for the theatre though it has the makings of a familiar British film. Mr. Stephen Murray ploughs patiently through the long part of the doctor; but he has to fight against too unvaried a mood. Almost every one of the frequent scenes seems to begin with him dropping into a chair and telling us, By God he's tired, just as each time action threatens it is interrupted by a nice, mousey schoolmistress creeping in to stroke his furrowed forehead. Miss Gwendoline Watford is promising in this unpromising part, and Mr. Ray Jackson and Mr. Colin Campbell are excellent as the boys.

T. C. W.

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NEW STATESMAN & NATION
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Correspondence

REPRESSION IN KENYA

SIR,—Now that England has heard the persuasive voice of Mr. Blundell it should, when weighing up his words, bear clearly in mind that he is the spokesman of those whom events here have proved from the very beginning to be entirely wrong in their estimate of the situation in Kenya.

"If the Kikuyu leaders are arrested all will be well," was the first demand. Government complied, and the "Jacquerie" immediately became more serious and several Europeans were done to death in horrifying circumstances.

That estimate of the situation proving inaccurate, we heard the slogan "Hit the Kuke in his pocket and he will soon come to terms." Government again bowed to the opinion of those who knew best, and collective punishments were introduced. The situation rapidly deteriorated and the mortality, Black and White, increased.

"Hang twenty-five a week," was the answer to the problem suggested in the Legislative Council by the famous Col. Grogan, the doyen of the settlers. The public conscience naturally rejected such a solution so the so-called "shooting orders" were introduced, and the death roll has been—I quote Mr. Blundell—about fifty a week shot while "attempting to escape," "failing to halt when called upon," or "resisting arrest." The situation is now so bad that comparisons with Malaya are being made; pressure has been met by pressure in precise illustration of the Shavian maxim that "till the end of history murder will breed murder and always in the name of right and honour and truth." The "Jacquerie" is rapidly becoming warfare on the Palestinae model, and the planning and execution of the Mau Mau coup at Naivasha police station was an operation of which the Irgun would not have been ashamed. Where do we go from here? More troops and yet more troops? Again history would suggest the improbability of this means being successful; in Palestine the troops were so thick on the ground there was hardly room for civilians.

The country is full of social and economic problems and three things have been done to meet them. Firstly the Royal Commission, whose deliberations, valuable as I feel sure they will be, cannot even begin to produce any effect in less than four years from now—and that is to assume that it produces its report and the Government adopts its proposals with unusual speed. Secondly, an urban housing programme to cost six million over a term of years is being worked out. Thirdly, a committee of officials and civilians under the chairmanship of the Governor is to discuss ways and means to improve the lot of the African. To the African all this must look very much like pie in the sky.

So far the pressure of local European opinion has forced on the Government measures which would seem to have only accelerated the pace at which we are plunging with Gadarene abandon to disaster. The total casualty list seems to be pretty evenly divided between the Mau Mau and the forces of law and order.

Since "strong" methods would appear to be exacerbating the situation, surely the time has come for an attempt at another approach. Might not a roundtable conference between representatives of the three races here under strong Colonial Office leadership at least open the way to resumption of political struggle by those methods which we call democratic? There are five million Africans, and of them the Kikuyu are the most important element in the labour force of the colony, and there can be no peace or prosperity for anyone, Black or White, so long as they remain disaffected. PETER EVANS

Nairobi, Kenya.

AFRICAN FEDERATION

SIR,—Now that the Government has gained its majority for imposing the federal scheme on Central Africa, and the Southern Rhodesian electorate has voted in favour of this policy, there is evidence of some belief amongst the public that the fight is lost and won. This may well be encouraged by the immediate call from Southern Rhodesian leaders to end all dissension and unite to make federation a success.

The first duty of all opponents of the federation policy—and particularly of the Labour movement—is to ensure that the struggle against federation is intensified rather than relaxed. The Division in the House of Commons proved nothing more than that the Government can command a lobby majority without attempting to answer arguments against federation. In the referendum in Southern Rhodesia about 50 per cent. of the electorate of 49,000 voted for federation. Of that electorate only 429 are Africans, though there are nearly 2 million Africans in the country. In the ensuing debates in the Legislative Councils of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia the 4 million Africans of these territories will be represented by two members in each Council.

All that has been established, therefore, is that the Conservative Party and the majority of the White settlers favour the imposition of federation in spite of unanimous opposition from the Africans—and this was well known before. But the final decision still remains with the British people, and until the Enabling Bill is introduced into Parliament the climax of the struggle has not been reached. Concern about the Government's policy is much more widespread than the Labour Party appears to have realised, and mass meetings have been held in many centres over the past twelve months where deep indignation has been expressed. The Labour Party still has the opportunity to lead a national campaign of moral opposition to this tragic policy which threatens to add to the flames of racial antagonism already destroying the basis of trust between African and British.

Yet such opposition is not enough. If federation is pushed through, the non-co-operation already begun by African chiefs, miners, civil servants, and teachers will inevitably increase. What contact has the Labour movement with the leaders of African organisations and what plans are there to influence their actions and interpret them to the British public?

Again, all who know Central Africa realise the immense need for African education. It can never be expected that the Government will make the revolutionary expansion essential to meet the need. Under federation it is unlikely to develop with any appreciable momentum. What is the Labour movement doing to fill this gap for our African friends? When a similar lack was felt in this country independent working-class education was established. Cannot the British Labour movement take the initiative in developing a similar organisation in Central Africa?

The weakness of Labour's position in African affairs exposes yet again the light weight given to colonial policy in Labour's plans. We may be able to deal with clear issues, as in West Africa or India, but what solution have we for the problems of multi-racial societies such as Kenya, Tanganyika, or the Central African territories? We are constantly improvising instead of anticipating. Have we, for example, ever considered how progress in the West Indies, in similar racial circumstances, bears upon the problems of Africa? The time may well have arrived when we should be enunciating a Colonial Charter, establishing and guaranteeing the fundamental rights of every British colonial citizen, and serving as a foundation for all constitutional changes. Certainly a clear colonial policy could recapture the moral imagination of many people who are cynical and tired of the barren clash of party machines, and would avoid those gaps in Socialist knowledge revealed when colonial peoples revolt against uninformed and unimaginative administration.

Glasgow. JOHN HATCH

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL CAP

SIR,—Whatever the special pleading for Independent and Public schools, such as that advanced by Kenneth Barnes, or for maintaining the distinctions between the Grammar schools and the rest, one fact still remains: we pay a high price nationally to give a small number of middle-class children the chance to develop all they have, and for some of their less wealthy brethren to be made almost like them! There are disadvantages in the Comprehensive school idea; there are clearly grave objections to eliminating the Public schools by State action; and there is no doubt something to be lost in merging the tradition of good Grammar schools into new Comprehensive schools. But what do those who oppose the Labour Party's efforts to do *something* about the present inequalities suggest should be done? No other democratic society has found the problem of a universal system of education for rich and poor alike an insuperable one—a fact which, as a teacher of English Institutions to foreigners, I have often to face.

Are we, then, to maintain the present system which may (perhaps!) allow geniuses to flourish at Independent schools, and keep all that, in my view, inevitably follows—privilege; social differentiation; and the domination of the system by the traditional academic approach, while technical education for the most part struggles away at Night School, and Day Release, on a lower level of prestige? It is the old problem of a possible best (for the few) being the enemy of the good (for the many). To keep things as they are is a tenable attitude for Conservatives, both in politics and education, but those who claim to be reformers must decide where they stand. If Comprehensive schools are out, and the Public schools inviolable, then what?

50 George Street, W.1. BARBARA LASLETT

ARTISTS AND CRITICS

SIR,—Is this a private fight or can critics of other sorts join in? For something important is becoming clear: thus, Mr. Berger thinks the artist should say "To hell with the audience," but only while he is at work, while Mr. Heron thinks he should say it all the time.

Now, to take a case outside the visual arts: in practice Thomas Hardy said "To hell with the audience" while writing *The Dynasts*, producing something perched uneasily between drama, epic and verse novel. If he had produced something not quite so formless (i.e., if he had *not* said "To hell with the audience") I believe it might have been more interesting. If this is right, then *form* becomes an expression of the current relation of artist and audience. I suspect this is true. If we apply the notion, then *the form* of public sculpture should also express a relation between sculptor and the public, implying some sort of agreement on the nature and

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FREDERICK MULLER

function of the art of public sculpture. In 1953 the relation is at breaking point, the agreement does not exist. An exhibition of models for a public monument would be unpopular whatever style was predominant. As audience we find a public sculpture *de trop*.

Highgate, N.6. MONTAGUE SLATER

SIR,—The ironical fact which emerges from the debate between Sir Herbert Read and Mr. John Berger is that Sir Herbert, the opponent of politically committed art, is seen as the sponsor of a competition which demanded political commitment from the entrants and was stillborn for that very reason. At first glance, the theme is unexceptionable in its apparent concern for the protagonist of human rights against tyranny. On second thoughts, we realise that political prisoners comprise such a varied company as the Rosenbergs in the U.S.A., Nunn May in Britain, Goering and (more recently) the neo-Nazis in Germany. Obviously we shall not agree that all these political prisoners are worthy heroes for a monument, and art cannot exist where there is political sectarianism, unless it is propaganda art carried on by the politically indoctrinated (which not even Mr. Berger desires). How can you depict or render an *unknown* political prisoner? You can render an unknown soldier, and the fact that he were friend or foe would not matter if you were sufficiently above the battle (and long enough past it) to be detached from its issues and to see the suffering humanity behind them. But politics by their nature involve opinions, and you cannot view Goering in the same light as the Tolpuddle Martyrs.

Only when the politics are dead, and the greatness of the central figures towers above this contemporary situation to become an archtype of certain essential human principles, can he be rendered by the artist. That is to say, he has to be a historical or mythological personage like Jesus or Moses or Socrates or Antigone (however suspect he might have been to a Senator McCarthy or Rebecca West at the time). That is to say, too, that he must have individuality, and be rendered by an artist like Epstein with a heightened realism so that we see the universal in a particular man, a symbol of certain beliefs. But they are not political beliefs although politics may be read into them. Sir Herbert, on the other hand, talks about universally as though it were the same thing as abstractionism, which is like saying that the universe is the same as a vacuum.

It is precisely because the theme of this competition is politically tendentious and has been sponsored by gentlemen who have the shrewd idea that when competitors thought of a political prisoner they would instinctively think of an anti-Communist prisoner that it has been such a failure. To succeed it should have been entered only by the dedicated anti-Communist. Since all the competitors were not so committed, their only recourse was to abstraction, i.e., vagueness. To be fair, Mr. Butler's work is not abstract (as I believe he himself said). The tower and the weeping women are recognisable. He has dodged the issue by showing, not the political prisoner, but the effect of imprisonment. But many prisons have towers and women weep for forgers and murderers. What is there specifically political in this work? And anyway, what happened to the prisoner? No doubt he has died. But was his spirit undefeated or, like so many other spirits in concentration camps, was it quelled by torture? Mr. Butler does not hint. And his work is precisely expressive of that passive suffering which Sir Robert Read, like Yeats, believes is inimical to the spirit of tragedy.

Abstraction tends to symbolism. But a symbol must have two qualities. It must be, like the Cross, of emotional significance to believers and visually satisfying. Mr. Butler's watch-tower is neither.

1 Redesdale Street, S.W.3. HENRY ADLER

HEALTH SERVICE COSTS

SIR,—In spite of the suspicions which a Socialist must feel, I think we should welcome the decision of the Minister, that there should be an "independent and objective inquiry by a committee" into the conditions of the National Health Service. In establishing the Service Mr. Bevan was forced to accept a great many features that are objectionable from the Socialist point of view; but, by this time, defending his adopted child has become a habit with him. Worth-while economies will not be made by such things as enjoining nurses to use less wool and gauze in dressings or to turn off electricity when it is not in use, but by making changes in administrative structure, as implied in the terms of reference.

Changes of this kind cannot be made without disturbing a great many people and interfering with empires that have been built up since 1948. The Health Service has the faults of a syndicalist organisation. In many of the Regional Hospital Boards control is in the hands of employees of the Regional Board itself, or of the local Board of Governors. Many of the doctors in power acquired their knowledge and habits of thought in highly selective voluntary hospitals and they do not take the generalised impersonal views required in a complete comprehensive Service.

It is too much to expect that entirely disinterested decisions would be made by individuals, committees or boards which have now vested interests in existing conditions; and we may infer that this is the opinion of Mr. Macleod. The reply to Mr. Bevan in the debate. Presumably evidence will be given by workers in the Service, but this evidence will be weighed and valued by an independent committee.

Liverpool. HENRY H. MACWILLIAM

ITALY'S ELECTION LAWS

SIR,—In an editorial comment in your issue of April 4, you describe the new Italian electoral law as a "device which Signor de Gasperi has borrowed from Mussolini, and which makes a farce of Parliamentary democracy". Presumably you refer to the Acerbo Electoral Law of 1923, which gave an absolute majority to any party polling more than 25 per cent of the total vote (which meant giving absolute power to a minority). The new law gives 380 out of 590 Parliamentary seats to the party or *bloc* of parties securing not less than 50 per cent of the total vote cast. This procedure therefore is tantamount to strengthening inside the Parliament a majority which really exists in the country. May we remind you that under the present British system, at the general elections of 1945 the Labour Party, with less than a 50 per cent majority, secured in the House of Commons about 61 per cent of the seats? Any alleged similarity between the Fascist elections of 1924 and the forthcoming general elections of June 7 would be justified only if the De Gasperi Government were to resort to those acts of violence the denunciation of which cost Matteotti his life.

PIERO TREVES, ARRIGO LEVI, GIORGIO ALTARASS

[There is admittedly a difference *of degree* between the Acerbo Law and the Law of 1953. But the principle—the arbitrary "premium" of seats designed to give a working majority to a party or *bloc* whose marginal lead may be as low as .01 per cent—is not dissimilar.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BANNED BODIES

SIR,—Mr. Green is correct in acknowledging that the Peace with China Council, which was inaugurated through the National Peace Council over two years ago, was founded and led by people who recognised and deplored the aggression committed by North Korea, although on religious grounds several were opposed to the steps taken to deal with it. But Mr. Green still avoids the crux of our correspondence. Originally he wrote professing his anxiety to "nail the lie that people who work for peace and friendship with Communist countries must be Communists." Now this lie—I don't dispute the description—if not actually manufactured by your correspondent, would certainly have been nourished, and not nailed, by the course he recommended. This was to resign from the Labour Party, and stay inside the British-China Friendship Association, recently proscribed by the Labour Party for its Communism! So I wrote to ask him why he advocated this strange remedy, completely ignoring at least one organisation already in existence, with ample scope to accommodate Labour Party members, and devoted to peace with China. Mr. Green merely toys with this question. Perhaps the generalities and irrelevancies which he now offers in place of a direct answer to it provide their own unmistakable clues to the answer itself.

National Peace Council LESLIE G. D. SMITH,
144 Southampton Row, W.C.1 *Director*

SIR,—Fortunately, Mr. R. L. Leonard is quite wrong in thinking that "if British students boycott the I.U.S., they will sever all connections with students in other countries." He has overlooked World University Service, which offers every facility for developing contacts between students of different countries. It does this by arranging international conferences and study tours, as well as raising funds to assist refugee students and professors; it also provides books, equipment, food parcels, medical supplies, etc., for students in any part of the world.

The British W.U.S. Committee works closely with the National Union of Students, Scottish Union of Students, and Irish Students Association. It has active local committees in all British universities, and in over 80 training and technical colleges. A committee was formed in Mr. Leonard's own college a few weeks ago. We should welcome his co-operation, and that of other students, lecturers, graduates and sympathisers. ROBERT MAYER,

World University Service. *Hon. Treasurer*

ADULT EDUCATION

SIR,—We are naturally very grateful for the interest which your journal and the Press generally have shown in the subject of grants for adult education and for their support of the view that to reduce them would be a seriously mistaken policy.

I feel, however, that Critic's reference, in your issue of April 11, to having "re-read" the letter which the Minister of Education originally wrote to the Universities Council for Adult Education and the W.E.A. is open to possible misinterpretation. Although the letter the Minister addressed to me was not, so far as I know, intended to be regarded as confidential, in fact nobody other than those immediately concerned has seen it and no copies of it have been supplied to anybody.

HARRY NUTT
W.E.A., *General Secretary*
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Books in General

CARLYLE was married to a clever woman. This alone keeps his name before us. We read her letters to him, and his to her. We debate in more or less cautious terms the great question —was he impotent? It is all of little moment. Carlyle's private life will not keep him going. There is only one question that matters—was he a great writer? Our first reaction, based on reading long ago and half-forgotten, is to reply: No, he was detestable as a writer, and trivial as a thinker. G. M. Trevelyan invites us to look at Carlyle again. His slim anthology* offers a collection of personal fragments and one piece of sustained historical narrative, dealing with the September massacres in 1792. The selection makes its point. It drives us back to read Carlyle's own works on a grander scale; and, once we are absorbed in them, there is no mistake about the verdict. Carlyle was a writer of the greatest magnitude. His genius was unique.

Carlyle has a unique quality, which he did not understand himself and which his contemporaries failed to appreciate. He was the first great writer of English prose to spring from the people. This does not mean that he admired the people or got on with them. Like D. H. Lawrence, his twentieth-century equivalent, he despised the class to which he belonged and ran after Lady Ashburton even more assiduously than D. H. Lawrence cultivated Lady Ottoline Morrell. Yet there was no escaping his origin or his character. Though he called Christianity "Hebrew Old Clothes" and railed against "the multitudinous *canaille*", he remained a Scots Calvinist with a stone-mason for his father. Carlyle taught himself. His ideas, his values, even his style, were original in the most literal sense. They sprang from his own efforts, and owed nothing to traditional culture. His style is like nothing else in English. Carlyle acquired it by translating Goethe; and his writing is, in fact, German put into English word for word. If put back into German, it appears simple and unaffected. It sheds an odd light on the two languages that Goethe, the most classical of German writers, should have inspired the most uncouth writer of English. Carlyle did not learn ideas from Goethe as well as style. His ideas are those of a man of the people who has suddenly become supremely articulate—if only in Anglo-German; ideas still spluttering and half-formed, ideas of revolt and rejection with nothing constructive to follow, but rooted in humanity, not in class-feeling or good-taste.

Carlyle sensed the masses, as no other writer has ever done; he expressed their outlook, against his own conscious convictions. He was shaped in the turbulent years when the masses of England straightened their backs and shook off respect, the great age of the Chartists. Carlyle had all the Chartist hatred of privilege, their contempt for the "grouse-shooting aristocracy". He knew what was at stake in "the Condition-of-England question". His *French Revolution* was a prophecy—all the more powerful for being unconscious—of what might come in England. But when Chartism really stirred, Carlyle backed away. He should have been the greatest of the Chartists. Instead, he went sour—a terrifying warning to every disillusioned Radical who turns Tory. Was it intellectual arrogance, snobbery, fear, that set him against the people? Betrayal is too common to need any explanation; but few have paid so high a penalty for it. Emerson once asked an anti-slavery agitator in prison: "Friend, why art thou here?" The other replied: "Why art thou not here?" The same question rang through Carlyle's mind. Why was he not there? All his later writings sprang from the goad of this question. To escape self-reproach, he had to reproach all the world.

After all, what is there left to believe in if you cease to believe in your own people? Carlyle early discovered the way out which is now almost universal with the lost rebels of our own time: authoritarianism in politics and religion. Too Calvinist to turn Roman Catholic, he set up as a self-made Jehovah, thundering out more violent commandments every day. He defended slavery and preached the worship of Force. He ran round the world looking for a Hero and found some odd ones. He called Bismarck "a magnanimous, noble and deep-seeing Man"; and wanted Sir Garnet Wolseley to shut up the House of Commons, sword in hand. He wasted years of his life, trying to make a hero out of Frederick II of Prussia—as perverse a task as could ever be attempted. He anticipated every trick of the twentieth-century demagogue—prejudice against Negroes and Jews, admiration of the Germans. The abolitionists were "rabid Nigger-Philanthropists"; Heine "a slimy and greasy Jew". The "hopefulest public fact" in his time was that "noble, patient, deep, pious and sober Germany" had become Queen of the Continent instead of "vaporing, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless and over-sensitive France". His cure for all ills was that the masses should acknowledge the Hero and then slave for him. The Victorians, themselves full of doubt, enjoyed his reproaches and imagined that his strenuous exhortations had a message concealed in them somewhere. Even Huxley supposed that he had learnt from Carlyle to work harder. We recognise the symptoms more easily. Like most people who set out to order the lives of others, Carlyle had the mark of Cain on him. His later writings are neither prophecy nor political thought; they are material for an anthology of nonsense, though not even funny.

Carlyle is saved from oblivion by the greatness of his betrayal. In his impetuous course towards embittered nihilism, he showed what he might have done had he kept his loyalty. He expressed the masses before he turned against them. In *Past and Present* he called English history to the aid of Radicalism against the tyranny of wealth and economic law. This was not perhaps good history—if we are to admire anyone in the Middle Ages, let it be John Ball rather than a wealthy abbot; but it was a translation of popular nostalgia for a lost Utopia into something coherent and effective. Again, when he was already hell-bent on the search for a Hero, he found one almost deserving Hero-worship. Carlyle and Cromwell had much in common, though not in their origin: the same battle with words, the more powerful for being sometimes unsuccessful; the same baffled search for a better way; and, at heart, the same regret for the causes they had abandoned. Carlyle's picture of Cromwell was designed as an attack on radicalism and democracy; its effect, most unwelcome to him, was to rehabilitate Cromwell as a popular hero. The only practical outcome that Carlyle's writings ever had was to begin the change of feeling which later enabled Cromwell to have a statue outside Westminster Hall as the champion of democracy. It is hard to know whether this would have been more distasteful to Cromwell or to Carlyle.

Carlyle's *Cromwell* is enough to keep his name alive. But the best things in it are by Cromwell, not by Carlyle. In the *French Revolution* there is no fault or weakness at all; it is a book without a peer. Though Carlyle worked hard before he wrote it, he did not keep up even with the scholarship of his own time; and he has been outmoded still more by all that has been done since. Darwin was no doubt right when he said: "As far as I could judge, I never met a man with a mind so ill adapted for scientific research." Instead Carlyle brought to the French Revolution a gift which no other has ever done: a prophetic sense, which enabled him to feel the Revolution and all that happened in it. He may have meant to write a warning against democracy and the reign of the Sansculottes; he may have intended to discover a Hero who would master the *canaille*. All this was swept aside by the torrent of events. *The French Revolution* is a history without a Hero; or rather, the Hero is the people of France. Carlyle did his best, first for Mirabeau, then for Danton. But both appear great only when they are expressing the popular will. Once out of touch with it, they fade away, interest emptied from them. And, on the other side, Carlyle did his worst for Robespierre, the man who continued to personify the Revolution where others failed. Yet in this he did not falsify history. It was the great tragedy of the Revolution that Robespierre, its supreme exponent, lacked personality. No Lenin he, we might say in Carlyle's own style.

Lacking a hero, Carlyle had to fall back for once on the inspiration of the masses. No other book has ever so created the atmosphere of revolution; enabled us to understand what it was like; indeed, to re-live it. Carlyle had no gift for historical movement; he never describes how one situation developed into another. His book is a prolonged and violent storm. There is darkness, broken only by heavy thunder. Then the lightning flash of genius, in which every detail stands out to remain vivid in the memory for ever. And after it, new darkness, until broken by another vivid flash. It is no joke to ride through the greatest storm in history. Carlyle alone sensed what happened in these years. The Revolution was not a product of political theorising or even of economic discontent. The bottom had dropped out of the world; and the masses were thrust on their own resources. It was a master-stroke to begin with the affair of the Diamond Necklace; to depict the rotten feebleness of the old order, which had lost all capacity to govern and all faith in itself. When

* *Carlyle: An Anthology.* By G. M. TREVELYAN. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

tradition is shaken, the theorists come into their own. They were easy game for Carlyle, as for many writers since. But he never lost sight of the masses, stirring behind the scenes and shaping the outcome. The climax of his book is the overthrow of the monarchy and the September massacres that followed. The world began anew in September, 1792, as the revolutionaries knew when they called it "Year One." Carlyle knew it too; all his genius had carried him higher and higher to this point. But from that moment he faltered. He had too much sense to idealise the Girondins; yet, when the Jacobins took power and began to shape a new order, he saw only Terror. It was, in fact, a Terror to which he himself succumbed. This was the turning-point of his life. He had damned the Old World; he would not face the New. A last splutter of pride and common sense kept him from worshipping Napoleon; but he soon found other and even less deserving Heroes. It is Carlyle's triumph that we say, when reading *The French Revolution*: "How much the greatest event since the beginning of the world." It is his failure that we do not add: "And how much the best."

A. J. P. TAYLOR

A BOWL OF ROSES

"Spring" says your Alexandrian poet
"Means time of the remission of the rose"

Now here at this tattered old café,
By the sea-wall, where so many like us
Have felt the revengeful power of life,
Are roses trapped in blue tin bowls.
I think of you somewhere among them—
Other roses—outworn by our literature,
Made tenants of calf-love or else
The poet's portion, a black black rose
Coughed into the helpless lap of love,
Or fallen from a lapel—a night-club rose.

It would take more than this loving imagination
To claim them for you out of time,
To make them dense and fecund so that
Snow would never pocket them, nor would
They travel under glass to great sanatoria
And like a sibling of the sickness thrust
Flushed faces up beside a dead man's plate.

No, you should have picked one from a poem
Being written softly with a brush—
The deathless ideogram for love we writers hunt.
Now alas the writing and the roses, Melissa,
Are nearly over: who will next remember
Their spring remission in kept promises,

Or even the true ground of their invention
In some dry heart or earthen inkwell?

LAWRENCE DURRELL

PRESENT FOR REFERENCE

A host, whose onslaught was like a hurricane,
A people that had never known a city,
Living in sheepskin tents on uncooked flesh,
Without the least tincture of civilisation
And ignorant of all the useful arts.

A scribe of the third dynasty of Ur
Contemptuously wrote this description down
With a pointed reed upon moist tablets of clay
Sunbaked in blocks. The cuneiform reports
To archæologists how little fear
The stately, white-robed functionaries felt
Of trouble in the north, how comforting
They found the clangour of the city streets
And the propitious omens from the gods.

The gods, whose heads are hidden in the sand,
The streets where skeletons still lie unburied,
The city that the nomads swept away.

ANTHONY HARTLEY

A BARBADOS VILLAGE

In the Castle of My Skin. By GEORGE LAMMING. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

Mr. Lamming is a young West Indian poet and this is his first prose work, an autobiographical account of his boyhood in a village of Barbados. It is really a portrait of the village rather than of himself. He begins as a fatherless, nine-year-old boy sulking because the floods have spoiled his birthday in the tumbledown shack where he and his mother live; after that we see him wandering about the place between school and beach and chapel, listening to the village quarrels and scandals, whispering about the white people like Mr. Creighton, the plantation owner, the god of the place, and about the demi-god, Mr. Slime, the school teacher who goes into politics after he has been sacked from the school for getting a girl into trouble. We are in the heart of a coloured or half-coloured community, sharing its sudden, unreasonable passions, its efforts for survival and respectability and its naive illusions about the world outside. The people of Barbados have had a long period of English rule and culture; English ideas have been absorbed in a haphazard way and the people speak an English vernacular in which the book is written. The result is something strange, emotional and compassionate, something between garrulous realism and popular poetry, and it is quite delightful. The West Indians are known for their response to Western education and it is not a parrot-like, glib or brilliant imitation, but a felt and sensitive response. A poet like Mr. Lamming achieves distinctiveness as a writer of the people, and the English critic who hears so much echoless preaching of popular realism begins to think that this is far more likely to give something to English literature when it comes from the newly articulate in the Colonies, than it is in our own tired culture. Whether this is so or not, the view of the Barbados seen from the inside is inevitably warmer, fresher and more humane than anything the most sympathetic settler can give us from the outside.

Mr. Lamming is a poet and an artist. He is not an urgent journalist with opinions, nor a politician with indignations, interests and causes. Yet, we shall learn more from Mr. Lamming about politics and social change in the life of a small feudal estate in the last twenty years than we are likely to get from a business-like interrogation. For an artist like Mr. Lamming, the important thing is not what causes are, not what justice or tendency is, but what these feel like to human beings. Politics, indeed, cloud rather than dramatise human experience. In his village there was the vague figure of Mr. Creighton, the landowner, so charitable in small ways, so hard in big matters, with his love of the place and his terror of its underlying violence; there was Mr. Slime, the mysterious politician, so alert and so revolutionary, whose plans for giving the land to the people turned, by the malice of time and the strangeness of human nature, into an affair of sanitary inspectors, lawyers, holding companies and evictions.

The villagers were simple, fatalistic and shrewd; quite absurd to believe that, because of their simplicity, they did not know what was going on. They were made up of odd characters. Pa and Mr, the old people, had not lived a long life without having formed some sound judgments. There was the cobbler who had a sacred newspaper cutting containing some words of Mr. Priestley's about Colonial Governors. The coloured people had, in fact, little more to do than study the whites all day long. Their studies were informative, but also misleading. Possibly it is no more absurd to teach West Indian boys about the Battle of Hastings and the Kings and Queens of England, than it is to teach English boys Latin and Greek. Perhaps it is quite a good idea that the story of King Canute shall be tested out by schoolboys in the Caribbean, too. Bible Christianity flowered exotically in the tropics, perhaps no more so than in Wolverhampton. It gave rise to the usual crop of theological comedies, without affecting the amiable immorality of the mass of the people.

In this easy climate, blameless fathers who wandered from family to family were regarded as one of the annoyances of nature, their arrivals an interesting terror, their departures a relief and their after-effect one more circumlocution in family life—"My father's son So-and-So," or "My brother's father." Mothers were the real power. They were the great "tail roasters," the dealers out of "hard ears," the shouters and fighters. Mr. Lamming was driven off to Sunday School and civilisation, but one can see that the author's mother, like some character of George Eliot or like the mother of D. H. Lawrence, fought the local drift because of her ambitions for her sons. What is really interesting in such a place as the Barbados is the awkward effort towards virtue; in this it is refreshingly unlike the Pimlico of Mr. Graham Greene.

One is back again in the pages of *Huckleberry Finn*—the fundamental book of a civilisation—and Mr. Lamming's book reminds one delightfully, indeed poignantly of it in many episodes. Those boys who hang around another boy's house in order to hear him getting a beating! And then there are those fights in the sea, those spyings on animals, those *watchings* of other human beings, that are of the essence of boyhood. The accounts of revival meetings from a boy's point of view, obscene and yet lyrical, are pure Mark Twain. As in *Huckleberry Finn*—though Mr. Lamming has a soberer imagination—there is the feeling for landscape, for times of day and night and there is nothing rhetorical, studied or conventional about his descriptions. They rise in the boys' minds, the sights of sea and land, interrupt the boys' absurd conversations and trouble their half-formed feelings. Mr. Lamming catches the myth-making and myth-dissolving mind of boyhood, the sudden stupors and astonishments. He has caught the endless jawing of boys as they grow up into a life which is very different from the one they imagine. Three careers will be open to the intelligent: the police, school teaching and America. And in each of these questions of race, colour and social justice will take, perhaps, an ugly form; but as yet the boys are only groping.

This ability to get the groping mind is Mr. Lamming's gift and it is very valuable and very civilised. His book makes our kind of documentary writing look conventional and silly, simply because he preserves the compassion, the emotion and the pity which our more aggressive Left-wing writers are too conceited and assured to express. But this West Indian is a poet and he has a subtle mind. I do not know, but by the test of the heart, the Barbados must be an advanced community.

V. S. PRITCHETT

MARLOWE AND SHAKESPEARE

Marlowe and the Early Shakespeare. By F. P. WILSON. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Wilson's approach to his subject in the Clark Lectures for 1951 is primarily that of the literary historian. In particular he eschews speculative biography. "We *know* we cannot write a biography of Shakespeare; we *think* we can write one of Marlowe." Mr. Wilson's glance at the career which ended so enigmatically in the Deptford inn is brief and perhaps slightly alarmed; he moves on at once to a masterly exposition of the state of English drama when Marlowe began to write; and when he returns to the man it is to relate what is indisputably certain of his temperament and social situation to the themes which appealed to him as a playwright. The outline here is not new, but is drawn with a sureness and economy which will please both the scholar and the general reader. The succeeding review of the several plays (Marlowe's non-dramatic poetry, unhappily, is excluded from the scheme) may stand as a model of wide and exact learning unobtrusively deployed in the interest of exhibiting the subject in itself as it really is.

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BEGINS ON SUNDAY IN THE

SUNDAY EXPRESS

The final lecture, devoted to a comparison of Marlowe and Shakespeare, begins characteristically with a sifting of facts. It has long been supposed that a species of primitive chronicle play, popular in the theatres both before and after the Armada, was first elevated into the dignity of historical tragedy by Marlowe in *Edward II*, and that Shakespeare, profiting by this example, thereupon fell to cobbling up old theatrical material into what we now know as 2 and 3 *Henry VI*. But there is actually no reason to believe that Marlowe was first in the field, and very little that the primitive chronicle play ever existed; it may well be therefore that Shakespeare was the first to make a "popular" (as distinct from an "academic") play out of English history. And there is much more in the chronological relationship of the two dramatists that must be conjectural. *The Troublesome Reign of King John* was printed in 1591. If, as is arguable, its author was indebted to Shakespeare's comparatively mature *King John*, orthodox chronology must go into the melting-pot. Shakespeare becomes quite as precocious as Marlowe, and we may imagine him commencing dramatist for country players during his "lost years." Of these and related problems Mr. Wilson gives a lucid and impartial account before turning to more general considerations. However the question of precedence be decided, it is certain that in very early plays Shakespeare is already remote from any territory known to Marlowe; into Shakespeare's comic world, for example, it must be incredible to us that Marlowe could ever have travelled, although he might indeed have written plays not remote from those of the third great dramatist of the age, Ben Jonson.

And what of any deeper comparison? The conception of a divinely appointed order, of a hierarchy of being, was one of the ruling orthodoxies of the age and the early Shakespeare rests upon it and Marlowe does not. Beyond this judicious observation Mr. Wilson does not go. Is it reasonable to add that there is commonly something ambiguous in Shakespeare's enunciations of this theme—the big places, as Professor Harbage has shown, have equivocal contexts—so that our abiding impression is rather of conformity than of conviction? Marlowe conversely is no conformist but does own convictions: he begins perhaps with convictions about power and ends with convictions about alienation from God. If there is something *dégagé* and *engagé* about Shakespeare and Marlowe respectively, there is in this at least an enticement to biographical speculation. The attitude which the greatest of our poets bore through life may have been in part at least the issue of the mysterious recusancy of his father, who appears to have made things generally uncomfortable for himself and others during Shakespeare's boyhood as a consequence of some inflexible ideological conviction. Marlowe, on the other hand, may have reacted not from intransigence in the home, but from the apathetic conformity of humble folk living in the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral. Is there anything in such a surmise? Mr. Wilson, I think, would reply with Lawrence Rooke, of Eton and King's, an original member of the Royal Society, who is commended to us on the second page of the present book. "His usual Answer was, *I have no opinion*."

J. I. M. Stewart

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Chatto & Windus

A BROAD CANVAS

Laugh a Defiance. By Mary R. Richardson. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Big Top. By Fred Bradna. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

The Glorious Years. By H. T. Cozens-Hardy. *Robert Hale.* 21*s.*

Bailing with a Teaspoon. By Douglas V. Duff. *John Long.* 15*s.*

Should you be planning to pour acid into a letter-box, to become a star equestrienne, to reminisce at length, or to dissuade a furious Arab from lethal and intimate attentions, these are the books for you.

After a childhood in Canada, and lessons in fisticuffs from a prize-fighter, Miss Richardson came to England and into the suffragette movement. "I knew . . . I had enlisted in a holy crusade," and nobody, one feels, could have been more militant. Under the *nom de guerre* of Polly Dick, she dodged brickbats in the King's Cross area and shied stones through the Home Office windows. She was on duty selling magazines when Emily Davison ran in front of the horses at Tattenham Corner, and she was pelted with crusty rolls at the Holborn Restaurant. A cup and saucer were thrown at her in a Lyons and "months of filthy remarks and rotten fruit and vegetables reduced me to a state of depression." Not for long, however. She demonstrated in Hyde Park ("I put up my flag and began to bellow"), she punctured police tyres with a safety-pin, she presented (if the agonising scurry can be so described) a petition to the King at Bristol, she set fire to an empty country-house, she placed a home-made bomb in a railway station, she attacked a Velasquez with an axe. When Mrs. Israel Zangwill had pepper thrown in her face, the incensed Miss Richardson pondered on a fitting reprisal. The Home Office windows again? Good idea. She was forcibly fed through the nostril (the description is horrifying) and was present when the imprisoned Ethel Smyth conducted the singing of the supporters outside Holloway with a toothbrush thrust through the bars of her cell window.

It is a spirited account and Miss Richardson supplies at least one engaging new fact about the movement: "Throughout our struggle we never failed to find some occasion for mirth in the most unpromising circumstances." It is not disagreeable to think of these determined ladies chuckling away amid the ruins of Liberty's plate-glass or while the tea kiosk at Kew burnt itself to ashes.

The author of *The Big Top* was for 42 years with the Barnum and Bailey and the Ringling circuses, chiefly as ringmaster and equestrian director. He has given over 27,500 performances, before more than 700 million persons, and once dismissed a musician for repeatedly stealing fish from the seals. He came into the circus through his wife, Ella, "the only woman ever to do a pirouette holding a horse's tail."

Mr. Bradna has supplied an enthralling description of circus life, abounding in fascination and oddity. There was the elephant Myrtle, an "affectionate pachyderm" who was sensitive to draughts. There was the bear which, at Poughkeepsie, tugged off a bandsman's trousers (seventeen dollars damages). There was a Siamese woman with long silky hairs on her face and, in her mouth, a handy pouch for storing food; there was a midget thirty-two inches tall called Lavinia Bump. A favourite side-show was "the embalmed cadaver of a slain Chicago gangster, complete with bullet holes." The fat lady, weighed every Thursday, was paid fifty cents per pound per week (freaks were "often moody"). There was Mabel Stark who, for thirty minutes in Madison Square Garden, "tried to prevail on a jaguar to do its duty." When Ella Bradna appeared with twelve girls, twenty dogs, two clowns, two horses and forty pigeons, she was billed, understandably enough, as "The Act Beautiful." There were Con Colleano, who did a bolero on the tight wire, Paul Conchas, who caught cannon balls on the back of his neck, and Rosina from New Hampshire, with a waist measurement of five feet four inches. It is an invigorating and colourful story, very well told.

The Glorious Years (1897 to the present day) suffers from lack of design. Random recollections, however interesting, require some continuity, no matter how thin, and here there is none. We have hardly finished tracing the origin of "I have a song to sing-O" when we are with Haydn Wood and scratching two bars of "Roses of Picardy" on the ceiling of the Hen and Chicken at Chesham ("Truly a tavern with three bars!" says the author, merrily humorous throughout). Christina Foyle and her Literary Luncheons, and Ishbel MacDonald and her Plough Inn and dartboard romance, are instantly followed by the sale of Wembley Stadium, and evening prayers at Hawarden. Then we dart to General Pershing, and then to General Booth.

The book would be improved by considerable pruning (we do not need to be told what an American means by "a big stiff" and "a steady") and, in one case, by an addition. There is no harm in Mr. Cozens-Hardy informing us that, in the post-war years, Mr. Beverley Baxter "has come to be regarded as London's most brilliant dramatic critic since A. B. Walkley," if only he would also tell us who hold, or holds, this view.

There is a splendid story to add to the Mrs. Patrick Campbell saga: it concerns Tree.

> Up in Haarlem, at a gala performance in his honour, the great man was late in arriving. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was in the stage box, anxiously awaiting him. At last he came, a little flustered as the sea of black faces turned towards the box, and Mrs. Pat exclaimed in her booming tones, "O Herbert, how white you look."

Bailing with a Teaspoon takes us to the Holy Land and the first decade of the Mandate, when there were less than 150 British officers and men in the armed service of the Government of Palestine. Mr. Duff seems to have been well fitted to be one of these. His father before him had been "employed in a dozen armies and half a score of navies," acting for a time as "a cavalry leader in the horde of some Chinese war-lord." Mr. Duff himself was a cadet aboard *H.M.S. Conway* ("that grand old wooden dam of sailormen"), was the sole survivor of a torpedoed ship, learnt "a great deal about human nature" in South Russia, skirmished with the Royal Irish Constabulary in the bogs of Connemara, and had Sir Roger Casement as a godfather.

If one is oneself rather at a loss when a recalcitrant Scotsman "lashes out with a haymaker," Mr. Duff is not: a left uppercut, and "as he folded I sank my right fist almost up to the wrist into his beefy midriff." At other times we find the author laying about him with a shillelagh,

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crowning an enormous Negro with a quart-size bottle of Stephen's ink, sending "a sleet of steel-jacketed lead" at Arab brigands, coping with desert fanatics shrieking *Allah-hu-Akbar!*, and spinning yarns to the natives ("I had already learned how to 'pep-up' Red Riding Hood, the Three Bears, or Dick Whittington into an hour and a half of exciting narrative"). All of these accomplishments being well beyond one's powers, one reads these rumbustical memoirs with admiration and astonishment.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

THE SAGE OF HATFIELD

Salisbury: 1830-1903. By A. L. KENNEDY. *Murray.* 25s.

The four volumes of Lady Gwendolen Cecil's unfinished life of her father rank among the greatest English biographies and in supplementing and continuing her narrative, Mr. Kennedy has wisely not attempted to rival it. Within the space of a single volume he gives us an excellent working study of Salisbury. "I have aimed," he writes, "to make this book not so much a Life as a Portrait . . . I have chosen those episodes of his private and official life which seem to me the most important and to illustrate most clearly his political methods and his philosophy of life." From the point of view of character, and in comparison with the earlier biography, the book is less a portrait than a good heightened likeness—Sargent in place of Rembrandt. As a narrative, it is meaty, diligent and extremely readable.

Mr. Kennedy is an enthusiastic but fair-minded biographer. The size of the bouquets that he hands out to Lord Salisbury at various points in that statesman's great career—the Circular to the Powers, the Congress of Berlin, Pendjeh, the annexation of Burma, the Venezuelan Dispute, the Fashoda Incident, the Heligoland-Zanzibar "swop," the Memorandum on "Splendid Isolation"—are handsome certainly, but moderated by candour and good judgment. He upholds his hero over Ireland, Burma and the Sudan and vindicates his part in the shameful so-called "Windsor Treaty" transactions. He (rightly, I think) excuses Salisbury his share in the unpreparedness and general muddle of the Boer War ("Joe's war," as the Prime Minister ruefully called it in the privacy of Hatfield) on the grounds of declining faculties, bad health, his wife's recent death and a too scrupulous sense of duty. His book embraces Salisbury in most of his paradoxical roles. He gives us the ruthless absent-minded Prime Minister, the deceptively inactive Foreign Secretary, the casual maker of bishops and Poets Laureate, the devout unorthodox High Churchman, the fierce amateur scientist, and the distinguished-looking sloppy dresser who refused to be painted by Herkomer because "Herkomer always looks at his sitter's feet and my shoes have never been my strong point." There is also the seemingly reluctant Imperialist who somehow managed to add six million square miles to the British Empire.

Nor does Mr. Kennedy forget the secretive Elizabethan strain in Salisbury's character. One of the Prime Minister's needs, he tells us,

> was to have a safe place for his confidential papers. In his study, therefore, on the ground floor of the east wing, he built an alcove into the wall some six feet above floor-level. It was approached by a miniature gallery; and the gallery itself could only be reached by a small ladder, which was removed every night. Within this recessed alcove were a number of labelled pigeon-holes; there, behind a solid locked door, his most secret documents lay secluded from inquisitive eyes.

This is Lytton Strachey's Cecil, with a vengeance.

Yet on occasion his frankness was staggering. He once amazed a working-class audience in a South London music-hall by casually pulling a letter from the Sultan of Turkey out of his pocket and reading it aloud to them. During negotiations over the partition of Africa, having ceded a large tract of desert to the French, he told the House of Lords reassuringly "This land is what agriculturalists would call very 'light' . . . ." One sympathises with the French Ambassador who wrote reproachfully, "No doubt the Sahara is not a garden . . . but your public reminder of the fact was . . . hardly necessary. You might well have left us to find it out." Salisbury had no hesitation about comparing the Irish with the Hottentots or of writing with savage truth of Poland that long before the partition of that country in the eighteenth century "the hearts of the Poles were already parcelled out."

And Salisbury the grand eccentric loses nothing in the re-telling: his passion for solitude, his patrician thriftiness (he once pulled up all the pineapples in the Hatfield conservatories because he thought Lady Salisbury's guests ate too many of them), his *grand seigneur* method of riding a tricycle, and his failure to recognise the faces of his sons, his Cabinet colleagues, his family butler or Lord Roberts. (The P.M. spent a long afternoon in intimate discussion with Sir Harry Johnston the explorer under the impression that he was the Commander-in-Chief back from South Africa.)

Just as Lloyd George is the archetype of the democratic statesman, Lenin of the revolutionary, and Fox of the oligarch, so Salisbury supremely embodied the aristocratic principle in government, the belief in the duties and responsibilities of caste. He detested field sports and despised the country gentlemen who filled the Conservative back-benches; yet he was a model landlord, he advised Queen Victoria against receiving divorcées at Court and he opposed Edward VII's attempt to give his City friends peerages. The great black mark against him as a statesman is that he had little or no sense of social justice. Mr. Kennedy admits "that in this respect he is to be criticised," but when he tells us that the distance between Hatfield and the slums was responsible for Salisbury's blind eye, I think he has misread the great man's character. The truth is that where the ends of life and society were concerned, Salisbury, though a devout Christian, was a complete agnostic. He was no cynic, rather, he was completely, unrelievedly pessimistic about all human nature and all human progress. He was probably the most intelligent Englishman of the nineteenth century. But, though his theology was Butlerian, his mind was that of an English Schopenhauer. With a great inclusive intellect and a monolithic simplicity and integrity of character, he probably came nearer than any man to Schopenhauer's enlightened sage—the man able to "*know all* and *be one*." And while he believed fervently in Providence, the thing about it in which he believed most fervently was the inscrutability of its decrees. As a young man, he wrote in his notebook—and it is a key passage to the understanding of his character, which Mr. Kennedy might well have quoted:

> When our Saviour was dying the death of a felon, spectators thought they saw in the event proof that God's Providence was against Him. But they were mistaken; the reaction on that murder has—by His grace—filled the world. . . Which was the aim of Providence? Her foes said the stroke; her friends say the rebound. . . What folly, then, to shape our conduct according to a rule of which it is quite clear that it is precisely an even chance whether it takes us with God or against Him.

And again:

> He has created millions of animated beings and given to each one the powers and capabilities of life. But He has made it a law of their condition that the various units of creation shall absorb each other. . . If any one tells me that, by giving these powers, God proclaimed His wish that they should be used, I answer that by providing for their extinction, He proclaimed His wish that they should not be used. . . The earth has teemed with "mute inglorious Miltons." Millions and millions of human beings have lived and died, each containing high powers of intellect and keen susceptibility to pleasure which—so God has willed it—they have carried unknown and unused to their graves. And for moral capabilities—amid what a waste of souls will the elect few have been perfected of whom the Kingdom of Heaven shall consist!

Such a statesman may well introduce Local Government Acts and free compulsory education; his fundamental social philosophy will remain that of the mild Hindoo. Salisbury is a great and a startling man for many reasons, not least for having supplied Conservatism with an unshakeable metaphysical basis.

JOHN RAYMOND

THE RELEVANCE OF AQUINAS

Between Community and Society: A Philosophy and Theology of the State. By THOMAS GILBY. *Longmans.* 25s.

In this long and interesting book Fr. Gilby offers us an elaborate study of the political philosophy of Thomas Aquinas. It is not primarily a work of scholarship: it is a subtle piece of dialectical analysis aimed at laying bare the interplay of concepts in the Thomist theory of the State.

To grasp his argument as a whole it is essential to bear in mind not only Thomas's manifold indebtedness to Aristotle, the civilians, the canonists, etc., but also his peculiar understanding of nature and grace. If Thomas is concerned, against the Augustinians, to vindicate the dignity and significance of human achievement, the autonomy he claims for the natural order is relative and incomplete. Certainly he will allow to the State a positive significance against those who see in it a mere bulwark against anarchy. His deep debt to Aristotle's *Politics* permits him to explore the levels of human association with a kind of reverent curiosity. But whether he is thinking of the sub-rational affection a man may feel for his place of birth, or of the structure of the constitutional state he has built, he is concerned with the feelings and the achievements of one who is in the end called to share in the life of the Trinity. Theology keeps breaking in: almost unexpectedly but never irrelevantly.

It is such intrusion that differentiates Thomist analogy from Aristotelian, and gives to its world-

Rosamond Lehmann

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picture its curious character, neither monist nor pluralist, neither static nor (in the Hegelian sense) dynamic. It is not the least virtue of Fr. Gilby's book that he presents the genius of Thomism in an elaborate concrete illustration. He shows something of what one of the greatest interpreters of medievalism made of such concepts as sovereignty and contract, law and government, and lays bare the different force such notions have for the modern mind, with the religious setting, which they had in Aquinas, now nearly vanished and gone.

Where the student of contemporary politics is concerned, the book has value in the careful way in which it scrutinizes the relationship of government to pre-political and extra-political associations. Like Aquinas, the author is a townsman, and the dignity of the *civis* is a continued theme of his book. But he writes wisely on the interplay of political institutions and the affective life of men. Loyalty is a more complex thing than administrative efficiency can command: its roots, as Rousseau later reiterated, are found below the level of rational choice and deliberate effort. Yet political institutions have a high dignity. Fr. Gilby's interpretation of Aristotle allows him to do a certain justice to the Utopians in that at least they recognise the relevance of government to the highest forms of human association. If, in the characterisation of these highest forms, he slips into confusion of *philia* and *agape*, this is perhaps symptomatic of the Thomist strain inevitably experienced in the effort to marry Athens and Jerusalem.

The course of the argument is not always easy to follow: and sometimes it is unduly allusive and repetitive. But the author has succeeded so well in his task of presenting the Thomist political wisdom that his work invites a serious criticism: and that criticism is his seeming indifference to the issues raised for his argument by the development of modern science and technology.

That law effects the civilisation of power in a constitutional state is an important principle: but if we take as seriously as Fr. Gilby does the significance of the pre-political, we must admit that a sense of power over this world has invaded the very stuff of man's existence, a power that his politics seem to render him powerless to discipline or control. It is this revolution in the ways of man's life that queries his acceptance of the classical wisdom of St. Thomas which Fr. Gilby so elegantly and so urbanely presents. Continental Catholic thinkers like de Lubac and Guardini are deeply aware of this issue, more alive to the tragic depths of the human situation than the Thomist of Fr. Gilby's persuasion. Yet this aliveness does not plunge them into an Augustinian pessimism. Rather they suggest that perhaps the work Thomas did in the thirteenth century must be done again, neither in contempt of, nor in bondage to, the wisdom of his certain genius. For our age is one of vaster promise and of greater perils. D. M. MACKINNON

MR. SANSOM'S PLEASURES

Pleasures Strange and Simple. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Hogarth Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Opinion about Mr. Sansom is sharply divided. One wallows in him, another can't bear him. Or we enjoy but distinguish—how admirable the lyric reporter, how tiresome the master-builder of clogged word and appetite! I had better, then, at once make plain; what I like are the reportings, landscapes, lilts, life in thin slices; while the fanciful exertions and studied jauntiness hold me, though not disinterested, at bay. I'd have him light; he's heavy! Struggles, influences weigh him down till sometimes he will plod dreadfully in a prose-writer's quagmire of blank verse.

"The Baths in My Life"—his opening pleasure—has a *New Yorker* ring but develops Flaubertian exoticisms, ranging over the vine-clustered and music-fanned baths of Budapest, Finnish sweat-houses, double baths in Bad Gastein, Turkish baths in London, Moorish baths mingling the sexes in Tunisia, dips in the Tiber and the Aar, and the hygienic green cubicle in a block of luxury flats at home: this is made to seem the most exotic of all. Mr. Sansom delights—hence his title—to take some quite commonplace topic, such as baths or pets, jive or a trip to Southend, and wrangle with it till it seems the most fantastic of conceits. He gets some curiously rich effects in this way, as well as some strange distortions of speech. The essays here collected derive partly from travel, partly from the overdecoration of familiar themes, partly from art (Grandville, Poe, Douanier Rousseau), and partly from experiences in the war. The last, reverting to the City faces of 1941, hardly come under the heading of *Pleasures* at all; except that in the end one may find more pleasure here than in all but a few pages of the devious entertainment that has gone before.

Mind you, I have enjoyed this book. To have mixed feelings about a writer is by no means a condemnation. It means that one will return to him. It means also, in Mr. Sansom's case, that he has succeeded somehow in instilling an ideal of himself for which we are always seeking. Pure Sansom: what is that? Something, I think, lighter—gayer or more urgent—than the sonorous caricature at which he so often slaves. Two pieces here, especially, seem to me to rise clean out of laboriousness: the incident of the burning house from the *Fireman's Journal*, and *An Andalusian Surface*, which interveins memory with impulse. I like, too, his fly on the bath edge; I like . . . . If I'm not careful, I shall have to start taking back what I've written!

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

Phoebe Thirsk. By E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Judgment of Paris. By GORE VIDAL. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Into the Labyrinth. By FRANÇOISE MALLET. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Fight. By VERNON SCANNELL. *Peter Nevill.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Phoebe Thirsk, the last novel of the late E. H. W. Meyerstein, is a memorial about which a writer might well feel some satisfaction. At once poetic and commonsensical, it is charming without insipidity, and being full of the flavour of personality, it is, in its insidious and modest way, a memorable book. All these qualities, the poetry and the common sense, the charm and the flavour, reside in the eponymous Phoebe. The rest of the characters are a queer lot. They include Phoebe's mother, who comes near being a stock figure of the Amiable Whore, but escapes this somehow; Phoebe's step-father—much younger than her mother—who has been birched and served six months for robbery with violence; and an enigmatic, disagreeable, and very largely incredible character called Bruce Mackinder, to whom I shall return. There is also a psychiatrist whose jargon sounds curiously amateurish and dated; and a mad and lovelorn woman who keeps pursuing a distinguished author with little poems about birds.

Through this menagerie moves Phoebe, telling her story in her own words, with the peculiar flavour that her words have. Her story includes an amorous passage at arms with her step-father, the development of an unreturned love for Mackinder, and finally, marriage to the psychiatrist. She tells it with a kind of blandness which is somehow touching: she remains a curiously old-fashioned heroine, around whom and through whom, rather than to whom, things happen. Just what *is* happening around Phoebe is sometimes obscure. Mackinder, whom she loves, has a cult of the heroic dead, personalised in a pilot of World War I, whom he has never seen; who in fact died before he was born. This, Phoebe feels, is not her cup; and most readers will feel that Mackinder and his cult are not their cup either. A peculiar novel this, what with Mackinder and the curious Emily Dickinson little poems of the crazy Adeline Bull; but to me at least it seemed that its peculiarity was at any rate unaffected, that it was a manifestation of a genuine and original, if also limited and not highly organised talent.

It is interesting to turn to *The Judgment of Paris*, a novel by one of the younger American writers whose work has received a good deal of attention, and who, in this book, gives the impression of aiming to receive more. He briskly buttonholes the reader, shows him how novels are written, comments on his own methods with ah such brash unconscious charm, does one or two parlour tricks, and then, before leaving, strikes for a few moments the posture of one to whom the problems of the world, tho' faced with insouciant courage, are, after all, real. His hero, Philip Warren, is rich, in his late twenties, a graduate of Harvard Law School, and setting out upon a European *Wanderjahre*. He goes to the usual places—both he and his creator are a little self-conscious about this—and begins with the Coliseum. There he meets Regina Durham, wife of one of America's most powerful statesmen, and jumps into bed with her. (It is commonly believed about the heroes of contemporary fiction that they are always jumping into bed with people. This is not so; Philip is unusual and engaging in the way in which he gets chances and takes them without arguing the toss with his conscience, inclinations or what have you. It is the most lifelike thing about him.)

While dallying with Regina our hero gets tied up with—socially tied up with—a bunch of precious elderly pederasts who must now, since they began thirty years ago, have become as weary of their repeated appearances in print as the audience. We move on to Egypt; there is some broad comedy about a very fat man who wants to die and a female detective-story writer who engages to help him out. On to Paris, and more loving. By this time we are as firmly engaged as it is possible to be with Mr. Vidal's Thought, something about the importance of respecting

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individuality. And so back home. This struck me as an irritating and affected book, the work of an author desperately trying to squeeze out some of that originality which Mr. Meyerstein produced without effort. It is fair to add that *The Judgment of Paris* does possess quite a lot of verve, is readable, and in patches entertaining.

As much can be said for *Into the Labyrinth*, a tale of a fifteen-year-old girl's first love affair, her awakening to passion, and her eventual escape from the clutches of her domineering lover, who is much older than herself. The lover is her father's mistress, a woman called Tamara, but this, though interesting in its way, does less than one might have imagined to remove Mlle Mallet's book from the risk of banality. The provincial town of Gers, with its preoccupied business men—of whom Hélène's father is one—its one nice school for young ladies, its "society," its local *roué* and its local artist, is very familiar, yet the author is perhaps at her best when giving its atmosphere. Since, however, she has chosen to strain this atmosphere through the personality of a rather moony girl, much of it escapes. As for the great love affair, although it has its moments, it is for the most part stagey and unconvincing. One feels Mlle Mallet could write a better book.

Mr. Scannell's book is a competent and knowledgable piece of sports journalism, which, being also literate and non-tough, might have been more interesting than it turns out to be. It is spoilt by the conventionality of its portrait of a defeated middle-aged sports journalist, and, more generally, by a rather cliché presentation of prize-fighting and promoting and of Fleet Street.

J. D. SCOTT

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PATTERN OF TYRANNY

The State of Latin America. By GERMÁN ARCINIEGAS. *Cassell.* 21s.

Objectivity can sometimes become an obstacle in the search for truth. This has happened with almost every book written by foreign authors about Latin American politics. At their worst they have been but glorified tourist guides; at their best they are abridged encyclopedias of accurate but misleading information. Sr. Arciniegas's book is a healthy departure from this unwanted trend. A staunch Colombian liberal living in exile, the author knows the meaning of liberty and oppression and shows himself a passionate advocate for the cause of democracy. His prose is lively and can be witty and even sarcastic at times: he is at his best when he describes in a few well-chosen sentences and anecdotes the character of a people. His clear and scholarly knowledge allows him to set current events in their proper historical perspective.

In a bleak panorama of widespread dictatorship and one-party rule, he points to the exceptions afforded by Ecuador, Uruguay, and Chile; countries that find it increasingly difficult to keep aloof from the powerful dictatorial trends that surround them. Events since the book went to press have proved that his fears were justified: Chile elected ex-dictator Ibanez to the Presidency and, within a few weeks, General Peron paid him a visit during which he put forward drastic plans for an economic and political union of the two nations, with the possible later incorporation of Bolivia. While the three chapters that Sr. Arciniegas dedicates to the Argentine are more than justified by the importance of this country in the political life of the continent, his lengthy quotations from President Peron and his late wife make this part of the book rather heavy reading.

There are some inaccuracies; he states that "the only war that really brought a serious change of frontier . . . was that between Mexico and the U.S." forgetting that Chile, victorious in the 1789 war against Bolivia and Peru, acquired a territory larger than England and Wales, and one of the richest in the continent in mineral wealth. He also falls into a fallacy current in the U.S. when he states that in the 1942 Chilean Presidential election, J. A. Rios won with the support of the Popular Front. This was what the American press reported at the time, in spite of the fact that the Popular Front had been dissolved early in 1941 and was never reorganised. But these errors hardly detract from an otherwise excellent work.

The usual pattern of dictatorship and revolution depicted in the book becomes dangerously coherent during the post-war years when it is obvious that many "strong governments" in Latin America are not isolated cases but conscious and integrated instances in a general trend. Sr. Arciniegas also suggests that a polarisation of anti-U.S. feeling and Fascist policies is taking place in Argentina, under General Peron's leadership. To support these important conclusions, Sr. Arciniegas analyses a very confused situation with incisive clarity and wisely avoids the common temptation of offering "solutions" to the problems he describes. Knowing his subject so well, he realises that to propose solutions for the continent as a whole would involve great over-simplifications. Yet he allots certain responsibilities squarely enough. This becomes vitally important as, during the last few years, on the pretext of defending democracy, dictators in Latin America have been receiving armaments from the U.S. and have used them to further their political aims. Sr. Arciniegas points to the case of Colombia where dictator Gomez was cynical enough to send a thousand men to the Korean front, while inside Colombia there have been a reported 50,000 deaths since 1949 in his systematic wiping out of the Liberal Party, in the course of which he used the most modern war equipment given by the U.S. The hesitating and contradictory policies of the U.S. with regard to these dictators have contributed to their increasing strength and to the loss of American prestige throughout Latin America.

It is difficult to disagree with the arguments put forth by Sr. Arciniegas in defence of his thesis, but it is good to remember that the democracy he upholds was one formed by property owners, and while they were in power it did not effect the social and economic changes that the popular dictators of today are offering. The people lost faith in a democracy that was moderated and limited by the interests of the few, and turned to the stronger and more dynamic policies of the Peronists. The simple argument that Sr. Arciniegas possibly over emphasises—that of the tyrannical road to power—cannot entirely account for the tremendous popularity of a Peron or a Paz Estenssoro. He should have emphasised the widespread malaise on the Left throughout Latin America during the post-depression years, and showed how dictators and "strong men" have arisen in reaction.

This is a book that will sell very few copies in Latin America, because only a handful of countries will permit its publication. Sr. Arciniegas has thrown a powerful beam of light over the darkest tyrannies in the continent.

CLAUDIO VELIZ SOZA

SHORTER REVIEWS

T. R. Glover: a Biography. By H. G. WOOD. *Cambridge.* 21s.

Dr. Glover (1869–1943) was a Cambridge personality who well deserved this affectionate biography by Professor Wood. He was the son of a leading Baptist minister and entered Cambridge in 1888, in the generation after the University was opened to Dissenters. He became a fellow of St. John's, University Lecturer in Ancient History, proctor and Public Orator, but missed the professorship he coveted. A period at a Canadian university gave him life-long imperial interests. He was also a militant Dissenter, becoming president of the Baptist Union in 1923; he was associated with the Student Christian Movement and similar groups. Perhaps he divided himself too much. His enthusiasm for the classics as a key to understanding life, rather than a technical pursuit, caused some scholars to dismiss his books as superb popularisation. His Christianity was personal loyalty to Christ, whom he saw from a Greek rather than a Hebraic angle; some fellow-Baptists doubted his orthodoxy. With Nairne and Quiller-Couch he compiled the well-known *Cambridgeshire Syllabus of Religious Training in Schools.* In politics he was an emphatic Edwardian Liberal.

In time a new generation arrived with new interests: Socialism, eschatology in New Testament studies, natural science rather than the humanities. He remained an eager talker and walker; "doing a Glover" was Cambridge slang for a stiff walk, with animated conversation, in his company. When he died, Harold Laski, who never met him, paid generous tribute in this paper, in an article entitled "On not having known T. R. Glover." Professor Wood writes as a personal friend, who knew and admired Dr. Glover, quirks and all.

English History from Essex Sources, 1750-1900. Prepared for the Records Committee by A. F. J. BROWN. *Essex County Council.* 15s.

If it is unthinkable in these days to write constitutional or political history without direct reference to the sources, it would be impossible to write social history any other way. A newly discovered paper of state may perhaps show a different means of interpreting the great public event, dynastic revolution or change of ministry; while fragments of a private diary, family letters, household accounts, minutes of a meeting, old manifestos and old newspapers give in sharpest detail a collection of facts—often inconsequent and sometimes incomprehensible—about ordinary people who would otherwise never have

been remembered. The problem is how to justify "social" history as a legitimate branch of historical knowledge and to establish its vital relationship with the writing of history "proper."

In publishing a selection from the wealth of its material for the history of the county during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the Essex Record Office manages to do precisely this. A whole landscape section of the period, on a particular corner of the map, is brought up from its invisible ink: and we see the way in which the people of Essex managed their farms, regulated industry and transport, administered the Poor Law, laid out their income and spent their leisure hours. The influence that local interests had on the course of national politics (particularly where the cloth trade was concerned, over the Free Trade clauses of the Treaty of Utrecht, and Pitt's commercial treaty with France in 1787) is never too heavily stressed but allowed to make its own cumulative impression throughout the book until the last chapter of all draws the explicit conclusions. Each extract has a sub-title, and often gains a further note of comment from its position among the other extracts: the attitude of the various classes towards the Poor Law of 1834, and the gradual change from rigid Benthamism to a more general humanitarian point of view, is beautifully demonstrated by this method of cross-illumination.

The World of William Faulkner. By WARD L. MINER. *Duke University Press: Cambridge.* 26*s.*

The exegesis and evaluation of the work of Faulkner promises to be the next branch of heavy industry to be developed by American literary scholarship. May it always be as modest in tone as Mr. Miner's! Faulkner, a citizen of Oxford, the county town of Lafayette County, Mississippi, centres his novels mainly in Jefferson, the county town of the fictitious Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi. Mr. Miner has had the idea of going to Oxford and Lafayette County, reading up their history and scrutinising their present condition, and then comparing with them the history and condition of Jefferson and Yoknapatawpha County as they can be deduced from the novels. His conclusions are not wildly surprising: Faulkner alters history and geography as it suits him in order to universalise his themes and give them more than a local application, but the basis of his novels is pretty firmly set in local history, and incidents and characters may easily be paralleled by actual occurrences and people.

Mr. Miner writes as an enthusiast, and sometimes his enthusiasm leads him into propositions that appear steep, in the Mark Twain sense; the comparison of the structures of *The Sound and the Fury* and *The Waste Land*, for instance, needs elaboration in much greater detail before it can convince. But Mr. Miner's book will certainly please all admirers of Faulkner; and his account of the history and present circumstances of Oxford, Mississippi, has a value in its own right, apart from its associations with the novelist, as a study of a community of the Deep South.

The Teaching of Art. By L. DE C.-BUCHER. *Blackie.* 25*s.*

Although theory is often referred to as Pure, in many fields of activity theory is in fact only purified by practice. This is particularly true in teaching, and most particularly in the teaching of art. On one hand, there is the highly complex psychological interpretation of the "doodle," on the other, the problem of printing lino-cuts with a proper, even pressure. The trouble with so many people who discuss the subject is either that they have never themselves taught and, consequently, treat child-art as a fascinating museum-study; or that they have become so fanatical about "innocence" that they believe they must change the whole world by their work in the art room. The reason why this book can be strongly recommended to every art teacher in the country (and it is specifically addressed to them) is that it is balanced, sane, practical, friendly—the product of the sort of all-round, inquiring, tolerant, cultivated mind which a sensible education should itself aim to produce. It recognises the sad fact that there are still schools where the art period is either used for correcting arithmetic books or for the mere production of speech-day exhibits, and at the same time it explains and applies all the most reliable of the modern art-teaching theories. The first five chapters deal with the aims of art education, and the following twelve with methods: picture-making, designing, modelling, lino-cutting, figure-drawing, lettering, etc. There are points of emphasis one can disagree with—Mr. Bucher perhaps exaggerates the degree of independence necessary to the adult artist—but these are easily outnumbered by the occasions on which any experienced teacher will exclaim, "Thank heaven that's at last been said." The book is well-produced (except for an unpleasant jacket) and interestingly illustrated. For the good sense and help it contains, it is also cheap.

Mouvements Ouvrier et Socialiste : Chronologie et Bibliographie. Vol. I. Angleterre, France, Allemagne, Etats-Unis. By E. DOLLÉANS and MICHEL CROZIER. 33*s.* 6*d.* Vol. II. L'Italie. By ALFONSO LEONETTI. 12*s.* 9*d.* Vol. III. L'Espagne. By RENÉE LAMBERET. 14*s.* 9*d.* *Les Editions Ouvrières : Paris.*

These three volumes form part of an exceedingly useful series which is being published in France under the editorship of Professor Dolléans, the historian of the working-class movement. For anyone who wants to know the essential facts and references about the development of working-class movements in the various countries there is nothing else at all comparable with these studies. They are, indeed, more than mere lists of dates and books, and include useful summaries of trends and valuable material about leading personages. The volumes on Spain and Italy are especially welcome, because so little has hitherto been available in either English or French about the working-class movements of these countries.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,208

Set by Peter Pastmaster

Tradition has it that this year is the 400th anniversary of the death of Rabelais. Readers are invited to submit an outline of their own ideal Abbey of Thelema. Limit 200 words. Entries by April 28.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,205

Set by Richard Lister

This week the flat-racing season opens. Competitors are invited to celebrate this important event with twelve lines of verse in the style of any one of the following: Chesterton, Masefield, Housman, Hardy, early Eliot.

Report by Richard Lister

A very large field entered and a very close race ensued. My own fancy was for the Housman stable but these runners proved not to be stayers. Early Eliot was the popular favourite and if celebration was hardly his line, he provided some admirable *choses vues*.

> And as the hour gave triple tongue
> And Sweeney fumbled at his stud,
> Grishkin remembered being young,
> Goodwood, the first encounter, blood.
> (GRAEME WILSON)

or

> Sweeney pays his taxi off,
> Follows with a fishy eye
> A female in a duffle coat
> Who stares reciprocally, throws
> A scented cigarette away,
> Gestures briefly, yawns and goes
> To get some money on a horse.
> (FRANK DUNNILL)

—while W. Goodman carried the weight of a groaning footnote for each line sent in. Eric Swainson on a Housman mount was well up into the field half-way round, and such popular and well-known riders as Allan M. Laing, E. W. Fordham, J. P. Stevenson, S. N. Dalglish, P. M., came up in a bunch towards the finish. But meanwhile one horse and that the least likely was seen to be drawing out from the mêlée. A Thomas Hardy, Champion Jockey Blishen up, suddenly spurted away from the ruck and showed them

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Pitman

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a clean pair of heels. May I perhaps explain for the benefit of the many new competitors I noticed among the field why this entry seemed to me miles the best? Too many amateurs of parody lean too much on the metre and the form and the words of a particular poem ("Let us go then, you and I, where the stands and rails of Lincoln," etc.) or, for Housman, sprinkle in a few "lads" and a couple of cans and think the job done. But in the higher reaches of the game, the rhythm, "feel," vocabulary, and outlook of the parodied are combined into something quite of itself. Edward Blishen does this perfectly and gets a first prize of three guineas. The second, third and fourth tie in a photo-finish and divide the rest of the prize money equally between them.

THOMAS HARDY

The morning's journal conning, I
"Flat-racing recommences" note;
Intelligence that, read awry—
A sadder quirk lent to the quote—
—Might well be deemed to fit the case
Of a more rueful kind of race.

For—racehorse-wise, I ween, we thud
Along life's courses to the post:
Of Arab or of feebler blood,
Most end among the hindermost,
While gods—old guileful manflesh-gaugers—
Sit interchanging lackcare wagers.

EDWARD BLISHEN

HOUSMAN

'Tis time I think by Lincoln town
The thoroughbreds should run;
The numbers they go up and down
And other men have fun.

Form will not last the punter's day
Who needs so much to win;
So others bear their luck away,
Ill luck is not a sin.

Oh odds pile up for other chaps,
Doubles I never see;
Wins signalled up by flashing caps
That never flash for me.

S. MACPHERSON

MASEFIELD

Not the belauded contender for "Guineas" or "Derby" or "Oaks,"
Rather the rank "selling-plater" that's owned by a butcher named Noakes,
Or the horse who provides sports-cartoonists with plenty of jokes.

Not the "expected" and heavily-backed, steered by a publicised rider,
But the scorned, the rejected of backers, the hopeless outsider,
The horse who ever keeps trying—*à la* "Bruce and the Spider."

Not the "Triple Crown" winner, glutting his millionaire-owner with gold,
But the "nag," who, after seventeen unplaced outings, is finally sold
To a man with a knacker's business, whose eyes are sharp and cold—
Of such shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.

FITZ

T. S. ELIOT

"The greater cantle of my world"
Thought Sweeney, sweating at the rail,
"Is lost through Verey cartridges."
The red invalidating hail

Bled from the air. "How could one guess
Such lights"—Lights, lights! Sir Ferdinand
Klein approaches, prodigal
Of baraliptons, slates of hand—

"Would signify my fallen pole,
The stewards' retrospective pluck,
The run race never run, the lucky—
Que barbaridad—out of luck."

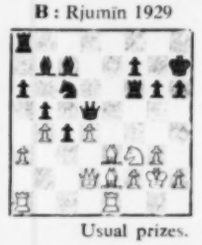
SALLY OWEN

CHESS: Our Very Own

No. 185

This seems to be a fitting occasion for promoting the competition, or at least its top piece, from the customary position at the tail-end; for, having received a famous composer's latest study with a special dedication to the competitors of this column, obviously the least we can do is to give it pride of place. Some readers will remember—and some of them will remember it well indeed—how a very pretty study of Heuäcker's, published October 25, '52, was found to be cooked. The author was duly informed, and he has now let me know that it took him some time to recover from the shock of seeing his work *zertrümmert*. He had been labouring at it for over a year, but he will now set to work again trying to repair it, and if he succeeds he will tell us. Meanwhile he asked me to convey his thanks and compliments to C. Sandberg and our other *Kraftlöser*, (a delightfully new word to me, which might be fittingly translated "high-power solvers"): and, as a token of his respect for that very *Kraft*, he has composed this study. White to win, and if I am to rate it a mere seven ladder-points I had better give a helpful little hint even to our *Kraftlösers*. This enjoyable piece clearly falls in two parts. There is an overture for which *allegro furioso* may well be the proper musical term; then the curtain rises on a neat endgame study. Now for another quarry of cook-hunting *Kraftlösers*, and this time there is quite a pack of them who have got their teeth in a very subtle study by yet another world-famous composer. Readers will remember Wotava's own solution (Feb. 28 and March 21), and how proud he was of P-B4 (rather than the more obvious P-B3) being operative in one of his main variations. Yet, some of our competitors have discovered a different line, based on the KBP's single step, like this. (1) K-K3, P-Kt6. (2) R-QKt7!!, P-Kt7. (3) P-B3!, K-Kt8. (4) K-K2!, P-B7. (5) R-Kt7 ch, K-R7. (6) K-B2, K-R6. (7) R-R7 mate. But if (3) . . . . P-B7, (4) K-B2 leads to mate; and (3) . . . . K-Kt7 (R7) is refuted by (4) K-Q4!, P-B7 (5) RxP etc., (similar to Wotava's own line). I have asked the *Deutsche Schachzeitung* (which enjoys the privilege of that great author's original contributions) to convey our cook hunters' trophy along with our compliments and respect to Dr. Wotava. Let us hope the doctor will cure the patient. As for the rest of the competition, **B** is the 4-pointer for beginners, a game position in which Black (to move) achieved a pretty mate in five. **C**—White to win—richly deserved its 1st prize in a Russian study competition. It may be underrated with 7 points but for my broad hint that, amazing though it seems, the main variation leads to a smothered mate.

A: Paul Heuäcker 1953



B: Rjumin 1929

C: A. S. Seletsky 1933

Usual prizes. Entries by April 27.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 28

A: (1) QxR! RxQ, (2) R-K8 ch, followed by R(1)-B8.
B: *Key*: Kt-Kt5. If (1) . . . KxKt(Q4), (2) Q-QB7 ch, etc. If (1) . . . KxKt(Kt4), (2) Q-R6 ch, etc.
C: (1) R-Kt7 ch, K-Kt3, (2) P-R8(Kt) ch, K-R3, (3) Kt-B7 ch, K-R4, (4) R-Kt1, B-Kt4!! (5) RxB ch, P-Q4 ch!! (6) RxP ch, K-R5, (7) Kt-Kt5! P queens ch, (8) Kt-B3 ch, K-R6, (9) R-R5 ch, and mates next move.

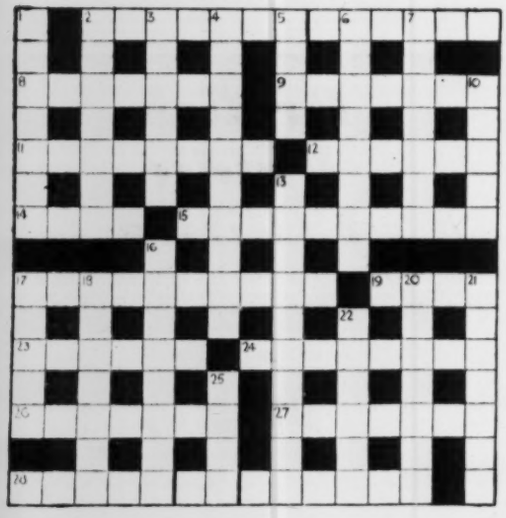
Many competitors dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of the defence in **C**. Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen, G. E. Crow, G. S. Fisher, A. Schneider, H. V. Trevenen.

Non-Londoners' 4th majority move B-R4. Londoners' answer due by April 22.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 11

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 44, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1, by first post on 28th April.



ACROSS

2. Agreement unlikely to lead to general peace? (7, 6).
8. The excitement of gambling (7).
9. Handy tool (7).
11. One of the five liners (8).
12. Burning vessel of the screen (6).
14. Put four in this time to make up a case (4).
15. It barely provides material for a short psychology treatise (10).
17. Choice to indicate in money (10).
19. Companions of beans and crumpets (4).
23. It is not that she has to be after (6).
24. Writer who makes them ride (8).
26. Move backwards and forwards frequently before the service (7).
27. Diminished from the chasm all erring mortals flee (7).
28. The best of sailors to help in cooking (5, 2, 6).

DOWN

1. Spoilt so removed from the records (7).
2. Weight in a prize encounter (7).
3. Confine one after the other, by the sound of it (6).
4. The barbarisms of a Stoic rite (10).
5. Everyone in debt would be overtaken (4).
6. "The mossy fountains, and the green ——" (Pope) (8).
7. Courtesan dance in the Orient (7).
10. Inferior alternatives in opposite directions (5).
13. Small town victory over a First Division club (10).
16. Have a word with a tired fellow without omitting anything (8).
17. Found by star pilots (5).
18. Mammon's other name (7).
20. The musician is a torturer (7).
21. Playful movement (7).
22. Food, but nothing to do with what is set before us (6).
25. Food for strength (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 42

P	A	R	T	Y	L	I	N	E	■	F	A	C	E	D
A	■	A	■	M	■	N	■	X	■	R	■	H	■	R
B	U	N	T	I	N	G	■	E	L	E	V	A	T	E
U	■	S	■	R	■	R	■	E	■	I	■	S	■	■
L	O	A	D	■	P	I	T	C	H	F	O	R	K	S
U	■	C	■	A	■	D	■	I	■	R	■	E	■	E
M	I	K	A	D	O	■	A	S	C	E	N	D	E	D
■	■	■	■	V	■	W	■	E	■	N	■	■	■	■
H	A	T	H	A	W	A	Y	■	S	C	R	E	A	M
A	■	R	■	N	■	T	■	M	■	H	■	L	■	I
P	R	A	C	T	I	C	I	A	N	■	Y	E	L	L
L	■	P	■	A	■	H	■	N	■	D	■	C	■	D
E	M	E	R	G	E	D	■	T	R	O	T	T	E	R
S	■	Z	■	E	■	O	■	L	■	W	■	R	■	E
S	T	E	M	S	■	G	R	E	E	N	L	A	N	D

Prize-winners: D. Page (London, S.W.2), Norman Wormleighton (Tunbridge Wells), Mrs. L. Redford (Manchester).

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SECRETARIAL Aunts for all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary and commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Four-day service for any length MS. Special rates for students and societies. 501/2 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Whitehall 6411/2.

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ORIENTAL Translation Bureau. Documents & MSS., etc., in different oriental languages carefully translated. GERrard 8459.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Chair of Latin which becomes vacant on the resignation of the present occupant, Professor R. E. Smith, who has accepted the Chair of Ancient History at the University of Manchester. Salary will be at the rate of £A2,000 per annum plus cost of living adjustment (at present £A239 males and £A182 females). There is a normal retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme and, in addition, a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Australia, is May 30, 1953.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a Staff Tutor in Oxfordshire or East Sussex. Candidates must have a good University degree, with Modern History as a major teaching subject. Salary £500-£850. Particulars and application forms from the Organising Secretary, Oxford University Tutorial Classes Committee, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford.

BODENHAM Manor School. Warden, W. D. Wills. This special residential school for maladjusted children of both sexes will shortly need a man to take complete charge of teaching side. Burnham Head scale plus residential emoluments in exchange for extra duties. Particulars and form of application from the Secretary, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

TUTORS wanted, between 25 and 40, to take English classes in Summer Course for Continental students, held on Suffolk coast, from July 20 to September 20. One vacancy from early June. Applicants should be men of the highest integrity with first-rate references and a genuine interest in teaching. Degree in English or Modern Languages, appropriate teaching experience, and good discipline essential. Presence, personality and good organising ability distinct assets. Very pleasant summer post in ideal country surroundings. High standard of living and comfortable background. Salary according to experience. Write Box 8135.

TWO qualified Teachers (women) with Nursery School experience required for Sunshine Home residential Nursery School for 24 blind children aged under seven at Southport, Lancs. Previous experience of blind schools not essential. Sunshine Home opening September but appointments to take effect as soon as possible. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale with two increments for Special School work and one extra increment. The posts are non-residential. Further particulars and application form from Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind, 224-6-8 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

COLDEAST & Tatchbury Mount Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of an additional Social Worker, male or female, for duties in connection with mental defectives at Tatchbury Mount Hospital, Totton, Southampton. Candidates should have experience of high-grade mental defectives, and preference will be given to persons holding a Diploma in Social Science; but consideration will be given to persons not possessing the diploma. It is essential that applicants should be experienced motorists, and owning a car, a mileage allowance being payable in accordance with the official scale. For a person with a Diploma in Social Science, the salary is £410 by £15 to £515 per annum. Without the Diploma, £400 per annum. Board and residence at the hospital could be provided, if required, at a reasonable charge. Immediate written applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the Physician Superintendent, Coldeast Hospital, Sarisbury Green, Southampton; or to W. Montagu Worbuck, Secy., Group No. 48, Tatchbury Mount Hospital, Totton, Southampton.

LONDON County Council requires Assistant Home Help Organiser for duty in first instance in Westminster area. Ability to manage staff essential; previous expce. in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary: £420 × £30—£540; commencing according to quals. and expce. Applin. form (for return by May 4) and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 2, 313-319 Harrow Road, London, W.9. (364.)

HOUSE-MOTHER to take charge of a cottage for 7 girls in a group of four at Coopersale, near Epping, Essex. Present salary £327 3s. 9d. per annum less £86 1s. for emoluments. Both remuneration and conditions governed by National Scheme. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

EXCELLENT posts are available with professional men and sound business houses for well-educated girls with good secretarial training. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 18 Parliament St., S.W.1. WHI. 0606, and 2 Broad St. Place, E.C.2. LON. 5397.

APPOI TMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications from British Nationals for post of Assistant Head of Far Eastern Service. Duties: deputising for Head of Far Eastern Service and responsibility for supervising news and programmes to South-East Asia and Far East; studying conditions in these regions and reaction to B.B.C. broadcasts; possibly contributing to English output; other general duties. Qualifications: Essential: specialist knowledge and experience of Far East and/or South-East Asia, knowledge of China and/or Japan a priority, including language of area; editorial ability; knowledge of historical and political background of region; interest in current social and cultural developments in Asia; administrative ability. Desirable: experience of broadcasting or other media of information. Salary £1,255 with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,635 per annum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week marked "AHFES, N. Stm." For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry (University of London). Assistant required early in May for hormone research. Experience in this field desirable, though not essential. Appropriate technical qualifications, e.g., A.I.M.L.T. essential. Possession of a degree would be an advantage. Salary will depend on qualifications and experience; range of the initial salary £400 £450. Application forms, to be returned within seven days, from Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5. Ref. RF18.

WEST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited for the posts of Superintendent and Matron at St. Christopher's Reception Home, Rustington, Nr. Littlehampton, for 19 children of both sexes in the age range 3-16. Applicants for the post of Superintendent should hold a Social Science Certificate and preferably a Mental Health qualification. The Matron should have good domestic and home nursing qualifications. Both should have particular interest in the purpose of a Reception Home, i.e. the welcome and observation during a limited stay of children for whom a long term plan of care is necessary. Salaries in accordance with National Scales plus, in the case of the Senior appointment, an additional amount for an approved qualification. Letters, with short outline of experience, should be addressed to The Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester, and application forms for further particulars will then be forwarded. The size of the Home unfortunately precludes the appointment of staff with children of their own. F. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Appointment of Full-time Youth Club Leaders. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for: (i) The Walton Youth Club, Walton-on-Thames. (ii) The Ibnu Youth Club, Wimbledon. Both clubs meet in their own premises, and are for boys and girls of 15-20 years of age. Practical experience of work in mixed clubs is essential, and preference will be given to applicants who have a recognised Certificate of Training. Salary in accordance with the approved scale: Men—£375 × £20—£525 p.a. Women £345 × £20—£465 p.a., plus London Weighting for the Wimbledon post. Forms of application with full particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped (2½d.) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, and should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

CHILDREN'S Club Warden required for temporary children's club for flood victims on Essex Coast. Young, energetic man or woman to take over existing club. A permanent position may eventually be offered to suitable candidate. Apply in writing for further particulars to Donald Sutherland, S.C.F., 20 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED salesmen with Public Library connections required by Bookseller and Bookbinder; able to handle competitive business. Box 8337.

OFFICE Manager (male) required for Leeds Jewish National Fund Office. Salary according to qualifications. Applics. in writing to the Hon. Secretary, J.N.F., "Zion House," 307 Chapeltown Rd., Leeds, 7.

WANTED for April, resident housekeeper for Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3.

MATRON for small junior school (twenty children) in Devon. Box 8170.

NORTHEY Island, Maldon, Essex. Caretaker reqd. Or versatile handyman. Good cottage. Applicant with children of school age unsuitable owing to tide difficulties. E. A. Lane, Serpentine House, Holbeach, Spalding.

TWO friends or married couple to work on small farm and help with caravan site in summer. Bungalow available. Hickson, Cauldron Barn Farm, Swanage, Dorset.

BERNHARD Baron Settlement has vacancy for student, August 1953-August 1954, All-round training in Settlement work and pocket-money given in exchange for practical work mainly with children. Suitable for girl in year preceding college training. Apply Deputy Warden, 33 Berner Street, E.1.

TEMPORARY/part-time Sh/typs. Interesting work, by hr./day/week. WHI. 5392.

SEC. shorthand-typist, £8 intg. post W.9 area. No Sats. Apply "Graydon Bureau," 233 Strand (opp. Law Courts). CEN. 0604.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIENCED secretary conversant with office routine, working on own initiative, used to responsibility. Mfrg. & wholesale firm supplying fashion, stationery and engineering trades. Closed Jewish holy days. Write experience and salary to Convex, Ltd., 41 Brecknock Rd., London, N.7.

IRVING Theatre Club requires young educated girl with some knowledge of lettering for small bills and posters. Starting salary £4. 17 Irving St., W.C.2.

SECRETARY/Sh.-Typist for small newspaper. Write stating salary, etc. Box 8313.

PART-TIME good Secretary required London City. Applicants with University scientific degrees preferred. Box 8409.

TEMPORARY Clerks required in Vacation Work and Travel Departments for approx. 4-6 months, preferably used to detailed clerical routine and figures. Not over 30 yrs. Salary £5-£5 10s. Applic. forms from Vacation Works Organiser, 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for permanent posts in London; also for occasional work on our Emergency Staff (£6 10s., 10-5, no Sats.). Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EX-MINISTER (35), voluntarily resigned, desires post. Excellent education, long varied experience welfare work. Admn./office experience. Public speaker. Interests: sports, gardening. Driving licence. Excel. refs. Wife capable housekeeper/organiser. Box 8290.

ACCOUNTANT/Sec., qualified, wide exper., langs., varied interests, sks. congenial post offering good prospects. Box 8425.

TEXTILE Designer (f.) sks. temp. job London. Spks. French, cook, drive. Box 8256.

TWENTY-two-year-old German girl seeks employment in hospital or household near London, opportunity to learn English. Free July 1. Write: Liesel Risse, Dortmund, Kirchlinde, Egilmarstr. 38.

LADY sks. post London. Clerk-typist (can take shorthand). Knowledge German/French/technical terms/translns. Box 8340.

SECRETARY/Agent wants to work with M.P. Wide political exp. Some journalistic exp. Young unmarried man. Box 8479.

YOUNG man, 30, married, ex-theatrical designer-painter, well educated. Interests art, literature, music, architecture, colour. Types. Offers/suggestions welc. Research, books, etc. Box 8257.

A Part-time driving job, London (van or car), urgently needed by experienced young man of excellent character. Hartman, Flat 5, Clewer Lodge, Windsor. Windsor 936.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

SCHOLARSHIPS

SALZBURG Seminar in American Studies, Schloss Leopoldskron, Salzburg, Austria. Scholarships are offered for the following sessions: General Session, July 15 to August 23 (Art, Literature, Music, Philosophy, Political Science and Psychology). Economic Session: An Approach to the American Economy, August 30 to September 27. Lectures and seminars at the post-graduate level. General age range 23-35. Special attention given to those engaged in teaching, public life, or creative work, and to advanced students. For further information and application forms please write promptly to Salzburg Seminar, 55 Upper Brook Street, London, W.1. For the General Session, application forms must be returned by May 1, and for the Economic Session by July 1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of April Plebs: "The Professor and the Sacred Cow," by J. L. Williams; "We Eat While Others Starve"; "Harold Laski—Failure or Success?" by A. L. Williams; "Television and The Trade Unions," by J. P. M. Millar; "How Civilisation came to Easter Island," by Gordon Hosking; "Conflicting Views on Socialism," by Frank Allaun and George White; "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; "William Lovett the Chartist," by W. D. Morris. Plebs costs 6d., by post 7½d., or 7s. per year. From the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

MANY Engravings from the private presses illustrate "The Way of Wood Engraving," Dorothea Braby's practical book of instruction. 18s. from booksellers. Publishers—The Studio Ltd., 66 Chandos Place, W.C.2.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity"—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

THE Temple Fortune Bookshop specialises in Maps and Guides. But we have a nice selection of books to interest the collector, the gardener, and the lover of good food. Please come and see for yourself. Temple Fortune Bookshop, 5 Beauchamp Place, Brompton Rd., S.W.3.

"ALL Children Are Mine"—Inaugural Margaret McMillan Memorial Lecture by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, C.H., M.P. Post free 1s. 9d., from Hon. Sec., Margaret McMillan Fellowship, Inverness Lodge, Alton Rd., Roehampton, S.W.15.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

SIXTY-one Engravings in pure line, after drawings by Turner. "The Seine and the Loire." Published 1886. Box 8250.

"NEW Statesman" readers chiefly are found at the Fabian Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

"NEW Directions," 14, 30s., includes a hitherto unpublished novel by André Gide, and Henry Miller described Rudolph Friedmann's contribution as "altogether remarkable." Geoffrey Gorer's "Life And Ideas of The Marquis de Sade," 15s., now ready. Of Pavese's "Among Women Only," 11s. 6d., The New Statesman said "the Novel is a brilliant one." Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, S.W.7.

"DAS Kunstwerk"—monthly — Painting, Sculpture, Pottery, etc. Specimen copy 1s. from Emgee, 33 Dartmouth Park Ave., London N.W.5.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine conditions. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

NIMRODS, The Book Hunters, solely engaged in tracing out-of-print and scarce books. Send your "wants" list to Nimrods, 3 Litchfield St., Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

HOW to Have a Baby: "Every childless couple should read this book," Dr. David Mace, President Marriage Guidance Council. Gives reasons and cures for all sub-fertility problems. Fully illustrated. All booksellers or 11s. post free, Peter Nevill, 50-52 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

SCARCE books found. No obligation. Write Box 8286.

WE want books by Bernstein, Borkenau, Bukharin, Kautsky, Pokrovsky, Rosenberg, Trotsky, etc., and all good books always. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 3030.

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BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank Street, Glasgow.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

SCARCE & Out-of-print Books searched for; New Books supplied quickly; Catalogues issued. Wanted: Transition; Horizon—odds & runs; also similar Literary journals; Libraries & Review copies purchased. Fisher & Sperr, Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St., London, N.6. MOU. 7244.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold—Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

SCHOOLS

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1953 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306 Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-13. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St., W.1. Regent 2803. Founded 1901.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

CAMBRIDGE Vacation Course on Twentieth Century English Literature. A Residential Course of unusual interest for both British and Foreign Students of English Literature will be held in Madingley Hall, Cambridge, from June 23-July 10, 1953. Full particulars from F. E. Bell, M.A., Stuart House, Cambridge.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham, Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies. Residential Summer School, Buxton. August 1 to 15, 1953 (two separate weeks). Psychology, economics, history, local history, politics, international affairs, literature, architecture, music. £5 5s. a week. Application form and further information from J. T. Rhodes, W.E.A. District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

FOREIGN holiday in England! At our international house parties at Windsor or by the sea (Sussex & Cornwall) you will meet interesting visitors from the Continent and have every chance for foreign language practice, tennis, bathing & exploring the countryside. July 25-August 31. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL

COUPLE rqd. tenants smallholding N. Essex, 22 acres, mod. Bung., vac. Michaelmas. Run close conjunction Holiday Centre London children, essent. applicants interested & willing let them share life of farm. Dets.: Denys Goodson Trust, 16 Porchester Sq., W.2.

COMPANION help wanted for few hours daily from early May by elderly lady, Golders Green district. Box 8329.

SUGGESTIONS/recommendations invited for comf. accom. Cornwall/Devon holiday, Aug. 16-29, for bus. man, wife, 2 children aged 5 & 3, and car. Box 8323.

ELBA. Peasant's cottage to let, simply furn., in vineyards near sea. Two b'rms., kit.-livingroom. Only 3 months' let or longer. £8 8s. monthly, mainly sterling. Thornhill, Eastcombe, Stroud, Glos.

FRENCH girl requires au pair position in family for June and July, pocket money please. Huggett, The Malt House, Beach, Nr. Bitton, Bristol.

MOTOR Yacht leaving for Mediterranean via South Coast, Le Havre, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, end of June. Couple or party of four wanted, to share expenses. Could be fortnightly periods at about £18 per person. Apply for information to Box 8346.

FRENCH boy (13), girl (15) desire stay Summer Schools, July 1-Sept. (company of English children essent) Write fully Box 8420.

SHORT humorous articles required for Rhodesia University Magazine. 3 guineas per 1,000 words. Also cartoons 1 guinea. Send to arrive not later May 19: Organising Secretary, Box 1046, Bulawayo.

COPYRIGHTS of old-established correspondence school for pianoforte tuition for disposal. Present royalties, £15-£20 per annum, will increase as publicity is resumed. Best offer above £800. BAT. 8439.

WEYMOUTH: holidays for children 7-16. Homely atmosphere, good food. Supervision by qual. staff. Bathing excursions, picnics, etc. Vacs. July 25-Aug. 22. Sec., Rodwell Summer School, 49 Coborn Rd., E.3.

YOUNG man holidaying Yugoslavia fortnight September seeks companion (m). Interested people, scenery, climbing. Box 8272.

NORTH Cheshire. Young couple with one child (as yet) need working housekeeper. Over 30. Must be fond of and capable with children. Own bedroom and sitting-room. Liberal household. Continental applicants welcomed. Box 8145.

ADVERTISING Salespeople quick selling Coronation speciality. Excel. terms. Regency Press, 105 Gt. Russell St. Mus. 0383.

CONSULTING Production Engineer avail. for small firms. Fees mod. and by arrangement. Please write initially Box 8067.

BACHELOR (British Jew) wd. apprec. suggestions wk.-end vacations. Box 8203.

GIRL companion wanted by girl for hitch-hike through France to Spain and back. End June to end July. Sense of humour, and energy, essential. Box 8449.

BAVARIAN Lakes, Austria, Switzerland, June 6-14. Owner of large car seeks expense-sharing companions. Box 8438.

PAYING guests received in South of France villa outskirts Menton May-July. Limited accommodation. Box 7835.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid notes your ordinary writing. Full course 15s. M.A. Educ. (N), 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

LECTURE Hall available for lectures, meetings, rehearsals. Apply London Schools of Languages, 319 Oxford St., W.1.

CANAL Cruising holidays for fine scenery. Comfortable cruisers for 2 or 6 people. Houseboat with motorboat on a lovely lake. May, June, July, September. Canal Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (Langham 3626).

PERSONAL—continued

LONDON Council of Social Service urg. needs gift of good typewriter. Offers gratefully recd. by Sec. at 7 Bayley St., W.C.1.

MENTON. French Riviera. Furn. villa, 5 bedrooms, large sun terrace, minute sea, to let from June 18 to July 26 and after Sept. 9. (Or English owner might share it.) Enclose postage coupon. Box 8331.

POLITICAL Cabaret. Script and lyric writers, talented people interested in acting, singing, dancing, musicians; bright stage-struck males & females. Please write Box 8264.

ILLYRIAN holiday. Sunshine, warm bathing, romantic scenery, cheap wine and pleasant company! You will find all this on our parties to Yugoslavia June 20, August 1, 15 and 29. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

CHILDREN can be left with us for Coronation weeks, or holidays. International School, North Curry, Taunton, Somerset.

HOLIDAYS in France: 2 months' stay in selected families for educated young ladies. Light housework, looking after children, in exchange for board and lodging. References. Longer stay up to 9-12 months, with pocket money. Enc. s.a.e. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

ALPINE Flowers in the Pyrenees and Andorra—an informal study tour departing June 14. 15 days 34½ *gns.* The low-cost visits to Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome are repeated August 7 and 30. 15 days 31 *gns.* Details (s.a.e.) E.T. Assoc., c/o World University Serv., 59 Gloucester Pl., London, W.1.

DO you have an office? Do you work in an office? Then you need a Statrol "Model B." This unique office stationery unit is available from all leading Office Furnishers in England.

DUTCHMAN (34) wishes to spend his holidays in England to practise his English. Which English family will accommodate him? Write to Mr. P. Tibbesma, Cornelis Dirksztstr, 11b2, Amsterdam (W), Holland.

ENJOY Whitsun at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Festival of music, mime, dance; May 22-28. Join in the experiment of producing a ballet. It doesn't matter whether you've danced before or not: come and discover your talents. Checkendon 221.

ART at home. Prof. artist-teacher conducts painting, drawing, terra-cotta modelling, simple pottery classes. W. Dulwich. Box 8330.

CORNWALL Whit. wk.; 8 *gns.*, incl. retn. travel. Book now. Also summer. S.a.e. Russell, Carn Voel, Porthcurno, nr. Penzance.

FAMILIES interested having French Students as P.G.s should write Box 8398.

FRENCH Law Student (Polish) seeks work July & August. Fluent French, German, Russian, English; Slav dialects. Box 8248.

COTE D'Azur. Artist's house to let June 15-July 15. Sleep six. 10,000 f. a week. Gastavd, 1 Rue Brulee, Antibes A.M.

CAR seats vacant sharing exps. lazy holiday in Italian/French Riviera sun. Dep. p.m., July 2, ret. night 19/20. Box 7750.

ITALIAN student (young lady) offers three months' hospitality in Milan, in exchange for same in London. Box 8363.

TWO student teachers (Dom. Sci.) seek summer holiday work. Box 8381.

PITMAN'S Shorthand. Private individual tuition in sunny, pleasant flat near Baker Street. No classes. Phone.: PAD. 6929.

PICTURE Bargains: Signed originals £1-£10 by Allinson, Badmin, Bayes, Bevan, Benois, Brangwyn, Brabazon, Bury, Cameron, Chesterton, Dobson, Dulac, Dunlop, Etty, Fisher, Gere, Goodwin, Innes, Lamb, Lear, Lessore, Laura Knight, L'hermitte, Menpes, Nevinson, Orpen, Padwick, Rich, Rothenstein, Rutherston, Schwabe, Shannon, Sickert, Sims, Wilson Steer and early English watercolours. List from Box 8181.

CAPRI. Rome. Naples. Sorrento. Small party leaving May 2 for 16 days has few vacancies. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Ave., London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

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PERSONAL—continued

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MR. Charles Neil, Principal of the Isobel Cripps Centre, will accompany a small party to the Bircher-Benner Clinic, Zurich, from May 9 to 23, for the purpose of combining the Clinic's therapeutic approach with the Isobel Cripps Centre's method of re-educating posture and tension. Details from Secretary, 18 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11. Park 7222.

NEWLANDS, Reg. Nursing Home, Langley Hill, King's Langley, Herts. Tel. K.L. 2519/3333. For med., post-operative & convalescent patients. Reduced terms prof. people.

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8TH August. Air travel to or from Munich included in Austrian tours, also coach tours to Dolomites and Vienna. Other Saturdays beginning July 11, air travel to Basle, Swiss centres Wilderswill and Locarno. 14-15 nights hotel, all in, £29-£42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

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INTERNATIONAL Socialist Youth Camp, Yugoslavia. July 26-August 8, £23. International holiday centre Paris, 1 week £15 17s. 6d. Also holidays at other Socialist centres. International Union of Socialist Youth, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

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PERSONAL—continued

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

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QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

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WHITE Burgundy, the most civilised of all wines. Avery's of Bristol (Est. 1793), have a magnificent range, also unique selection of Beaujolais Wines of irreproachable quality. Write 7 Park Street, Bristol, 1.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Birthday Play. Morley College Actors (WAT. 6872) in "Love's Labour's Lost," at the George Inn, 77 Borough High Street, Southwark. April 18, 25, at 2.45 and 7, April 22, 23, 24 at 7. Admission free, seats 2*s.* 6*d.* (unbookable).

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "L'Enfant Prodigue." Mems. 5*s.*

UNITY (EUS. 5391). New Musical Revue "Turn it Up!" prod. by Alfie Bass. Wed.-Sun., 7.30. Mems. 2*s.* 6*d.* p.a.

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EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until April 19: New Mexican film, "Maclovia" (U). From April 20: "Rashomon" (X).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Apr. 19, 7.30. "Un Grand Patron" (A) (French).

NEW Era Film Society presents "Time in the Sun" (unusual and dramatic film of Mexico by Eisenstein) and "Soviet Whalers" (prize-winning documentary in colour). Small Holborn Hall, Sat., April 25, at 7.30. Tickets 2*s.* in advance, 2*s.* 6*d.* at door. Members only. Send 2*s.* 6*d.* sub. to Sec., 56 Bayham Street, London, N.W.1.

SOVIET colour films "Country Doctor" and "Soviet Whalers." Scala Theatre, 7.30, Mon., April 20. Tkts. 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, from Ed. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. S.a.e. with order.

NEW Soviet Colour Documentary: "Uzbekistan." Introduced W. P. Coates. First of series on National Republics of U.S.S.R. Thurs., April 23, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 2*s.* 6*d.* (S.C.R. and students 2*s.*).

MANHATTAN Club, 35 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (Rear Finchley Rd. Stn.). Dancing from 8 p.m. every Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Licenced bar-buffet. Members 4*s.* 6*d.*, Guests 5*s.* 6*d.* (Thursday, M. 3*s.* 6*d.*, G. 4*s.* 6*d.*). Membership 2*s.* 6*d.* per quarter.

SAILING Barge moored adjacent Tower Pier—Glencoe Arts Club. Dancing every Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. from 7.30. Members 2*s.*, guests 3*s.* Life Class every Sat. 2.30, 2*s.* 6*d.* including tea. Sun., April 19, 9 p.m. Poetry Reading. Lynette Roberts & John Peters. ROY. 1653.

FEDERATION Calypso Dance, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Saturday, April 18. Guest Artists: Lord Beginner, Trinidad's World-famous Calypsonian, Ozzie Da Costa, Jamaica's finest Jazz Pianist. Organisers: Caribbean Labour Congress L/B.

BARGAINS in plants, books, pictures; textiles, clothes, household & fancy goods, etc., at Spring Fair, Holborn Hall, Apr. 17, 6-10, Apr. 18, 10-10. British Peace Cttee.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Tuesday, May 12, at 8. Benjamin Britten Coronation Concert with Peter Pears and Dennis Brain. London Choral Society, John Tobin. Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* WAT. 3191, and Agents.

BOYD Neel Orch. Mon., Apl. 27, at 8. Chelsea Town Hall. Cond. David Tidboald. Soloists: Alexander Young, Clive Lythgoe. Mozart Divertimento, Tidboald-Spender Poems (1st perf.), Ferguson Piano Concerto, Tchaikovsky Serenade, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.* Chappell's & doors. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

BACH: Jesu, Priceless Treasure. Kodaly: Missa Brevis. Hampstead Choral. Hampstead Parish Church, Tue. Apr. 28, 8. Cond.: Martindale Sidwell. Organ: Ralph Downes.

G. P. TELEMANN: Opera "Pimpinone" & cantata "Ino" (Patricia Hughes, Ilse Wolf, Norman Platt). Telemann Orchestra. Cond.: W. Bergmann. April 30, May 2, 7.30 p.m. Mary Ward Theatre, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Reserved seats only: 5*s.*

MOZART Opera Co. Sun., April 26, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. 8 p.m. "The Telephone," Menotti, "The Impresario," Mozart. Apply guest tkts. Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

77th Concert of French Music. Sat., April 18, at 3. Wigmore Hall. Ensemble Vocal, Marcel Couraud. Choral Works by Janequin, Debussy, Ravel, Messiaen and first perfs. in England of Milhaud, Poulenc. 10*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* from Hall (WEL. 2141) and usual Agents.

EXHIBITIONS

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10.1. 30 Old Bond St.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibition: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth, Dly. (Sun exc.) 10.5. Free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Wonder & Horror of the Human Head. Daily 11-6. Sats. 11-5. Sunday 2-6. Closing April 19.

1953 House and Garden colours for interior decoration, shown at a special exhibition of interiors at the House and Garden Decoration Centre, 16 Grafton St., W.1. Adm free Mon.-Fri. 10-5; Sat. 10-12.30.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Exhibition of important paintings by Quizet, "Le peintre des Faubourgs." Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes April 25.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Reproductions with reduced Purchase Tax. Details on request. Illus. catalogue 1*s.* from 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

MEXICAN Art. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged with the Mexican Government. Tate Gallery. Open till May 3. Weekdays 10-9, Sundays 2-6. Admission 2*s.* 6*d.*, after 6 p.m. 1*s.* 6*d.*

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. 4 Exhibitions. Prunella Clough, Sali Herman, E. X. Kapp, Hanna Weil. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

EARLY English Landscapes from Colonel Grant's Collection. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Till May 9. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1*s.*

BALLET Designs from the Collection of John Carr-Doughty. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Till May 9. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1*s.*

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., Charing X Rd., W.C.2 (round corner from Zwemmer's Bookshop). Paintings & Drawings, Jan Le Witt. 9.30-6 inc. Sats.

MATTHIESEN'S: Recent Paintings by Nadia Benois. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until May 9. 142 New Bond St., W.1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. William Gear and Robert Adams—Last day April 18. From April 21: Recent Paintings by John Christoforou and Gouaches by Norman Town.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Paintings by George N. Allsop and Laurence A. Eveleigh. Until Sat., April 25.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: XXth Century Form: Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. 11-6, Sun. 2-6. Closed Mons.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, Old Bond Street, W.1. Rodin: Sculptures and Drawings.

EXHIBITION of Mural Paintings. Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till May 2. Mondays-Fridays 10-7; Saturdays 10-5. Adm. Free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Memorial Exhibition: Paintings by Harry Bloomfield. Modern pntgs., inc. first version of Sickert's "Raising of Lazarus."

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Roy de Maistre. Watercolours by Costa. Until May 1.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton. State Apartments with Regency furniture. Open daily 10-6, including Sundays.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery. Glyn Philpot, R.A. Comprehensive Exhibition of paintings, watercolours and drawings. April 3 to May 3. 10-7, Sundays 2.30-5.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings and Watercolours by Vertes and Gouaches from the film "Moulin Rouge." Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Masters of the 19th and 20th Cent. Recent purchases. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"MEDICINE and Social Policy."—The Hastings Memorial Lecture of the British Medical Association will be given by Professor F. A. E. Crew, F.R.S., Professor of Public Health and Social Medicine at Edinburgh, at B.M.A. House on Wednesday, May 6, 1953, at 6.30 p.m. Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P. Admission free by ticket obtainable from Public Relations Department, B.M.A., Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

"STREET Order and Public Places Order Bill": A.M.S.H. Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tues., April 28, 3 p.m. Chair: Mrs. Corbett Ashby, LL.D. Speakers: Rev. R. W. Sorensen, M.P., Mrs. Lefroy, C. R. Hewitt, Miss M. Chave Collisson.

PUBLIC Enquiry into vicious "Comics." Naomi Mitchison, Maurice Orbach, M.P., Peter Mauger and others. Sunday, April 26, 6.30 p.m. Woburn Hall, Upper Woburn Pl., W.C.1. Tickets 6*d.* at door or from Hon. Secs.: FIN. 1036 and WOO. 0738.

"PLANNING of St. Petersburg; Classical and Baroque Motifs." B. Lubetkin. Chair: John Summerson. Tues., Apr. 21, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.* (S.C.R. and students 1*s.*).

SOCIETY of Labour Lawyers. Public Meeting, Monday, April 20, 7 p.m. The Feathers Tavern, Tudor Street, E.C.4. Dr. Doris Odlum on "The Illegitimate Child."

"THE Film in Poland To-day"—Ralph Bond, well-known authority on films fr. Eastern Europe. Chair.: Stanley Forman, Fri., April 17, 7.45. All welc. Refmts. Brit.-Polish Friendship Soc. 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

THE Dean of Canterbury speaks on "Stalin's Work for Peace." Chair.: John Platts-Mills. Beaver Hall, 7.30, Sat., April 18. Tkts. 1*s.* at door. Presented by British-Soviet Friendship Soc., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

PETER Benenson, Observer Barcelona trial, speaks at Aid to Spanish Youth Conference. Sun., Apr. 19, 2.30. Holborn Hall. Spanish Republican Choir. Adm. 6*d.* at door.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public lecture, Wednesday, April 22, 6.30 p.m. "Love and Compassion," Dr. E. Conze.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ANEURIN Bevan speaks at Mass Labour Meeting, Porchester Hall, Bayswater, W.2, on Sunday, April 19, 8 p.m. Resvd. seats 1*s.* Auspices: North & South Paddington Labour Parties, 447 Harrow Rd., W.10.

DR. Hugh Dalton, M.P., recently returned from Israel, Y.P.C., 32 Apsley House, Finchley Road, N.W.8 (opp. St. John's Wood Stn.), Sun., April 19, 7.30 for 8 p.m. sharp. No adm. after 7.55. 4*s.* Mems. 3*s.*

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc., Wed., Apr. 22, 7.30, St. Anne's Hse., 57 Dean St., W.1. "The New Towns," spkr. Norman MacKenzie of "The New Statesman." Ad. 2*s.*

DISCUSSION. Prof. V. Gordon Childe gives illus. talk on "Some Recent Discoveries in Pre-history of Soviet Territories," April 21, 8 p.m., 118 Finchley Road, N.W.3 (1st floor). Hampstead B.S.F.S.

CONWAY Memorial Lecture. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.30 p.m. Tues., April 21. Lord Chorley, "The Concept of Liberty To-day." Chair.: Prof. Barbara Wootton. Adm. free.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower Street, W.C.1). Professor Denis van Berchem (University of Lausanne) will give a public lecture entitled "Tradition and Originality in Latin Poetry" on Tuesday, April 28 at 5 p.m. Admission Free, without Ticket.

L. A. G. Strong on "The Filming of a Novel," Thurs., April 30, at 6.30 p.m. All welc. No collns. London Br., Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15, Fri., April 17. Group Annual Meeting. Discussion on Communications.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Attitudes to Life." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, April 19, at 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10; (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 5 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, April 23: "Meditation in the Yogas." April 30: "Meditation: Some Inspiring Examples."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. April 19: "Three Kinds of Faith." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. Dr. James Moore: "Individual Psychology from Theory to Practice," 7.30 punctually, Friday, April 24, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-members 2*s.*

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 25 at 6 p.m. Mr. Brin Newton-John. Recital of songs in 4 languages.

PETER Wright, "Programme for a Multi-racial Society in Kenya." Chairman: Peter Abrahams, Monday, April 27, at 7.30. Youth House, 205 Camden Road, N.W.1.

LAND Value Taxation, Free Trade, Proportional Representation, Sound Money, the basic requirements of a free society. Joint Freedom Rally, Trafalgar Square, 2.30 p.m., Saturday, May 2.

CHELSEA Forum. F. C. Ball on his book "Tressall of Mugsborough." Tressall's MS. of "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists" on show. Sunday, April 19. 13 Chelsea Embankment. 7.30 sharp. 1*s.* 6*d.*

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Apl. 19. Archibald Robertson, M.A. "Can we Love our Enemies?" Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1*s.*

REV. Arthur Peacock. "Sir Francis Younghusband: The Man and His Message," April 24, 8.15. All welcome. No collection. London Br., Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

RICHARD Findlater on "Effect of Stage Conditions on Contemporary Drama." Wed., April 22. 7.30. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Tickets (s.a.e.) 2*s.* 6*d.*, from Hon. Sec., Shakespeare Stage Society, 96 Charlotte St., W.1.

COPERNICUS—talk by J. G. Crowther, scientist; Polish Cult. Inst., 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Fri., Apr. 24, 7.45. Adm. free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. April 24, Fri. 8 p.m. Music. Neglected Works by English Composers II. Christian Darnton: Third Symphony Denis Apivor: Six Songs by F. Garcia Lorca. Recordings introduced by the composers. Mems. 1*s.* Guests 2*s.*

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

W. African Students' Union, 13 Chelsea Embkt., S.W.3. Conference on "Harmony in a Multiracial Society." Sat., Ap. 25, and Sun., Ap. 26. Speakers' order Philip Mason, Rita Hinden, T. R. Batten, Marcus James. 4.30 p.m. and 8 p.m. both days. Tea 4 p.m., supper 6.30 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

MEXICAN Art. Arts Council series of lectures: April 21, "Colonial Architecture in Mexico," by T. W. F. Bullock. British Academy Lecture Theatre, 6 Burlington Gardens, at 5.30 p.m. Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.*, from the Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1, from the Mexican Exhibition, Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, or at the door.

LONDON Theatres: Their History and Past Glories. 6 public lectures: Tues., at 6.30, beginning Apr. 21. Sadler's Wells (Denis Richards); Drury Lane (W. Macqueen-Pope), Covent Garden (Martin Holmes), Haymarket & Her Majesty's (W. Macqueen-Pope), Lyceum (A. E. Wilson), Old Vic (Harcourt Williams). Course ticket 7*s.* 6*d.*, single lectures 2*s.* 6*d.* Details: Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Br. Rd., S.E.1. WAT. 6872.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled "On Diffusion Processes and their Statistical Applications" will be given by Professor W. Feller (Princeton) at 5 p.m., on April 27 and 29, at University College (Eugenics Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled "Los Albores de la Lírica Románica: Las Jaryas Romances en las Muwassahas" will be delivered by Señor Don Emilio García Gómez (Madrid) at 5.30 p.m. on April 27, 28 and 30, at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Adm. free without ticket.

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